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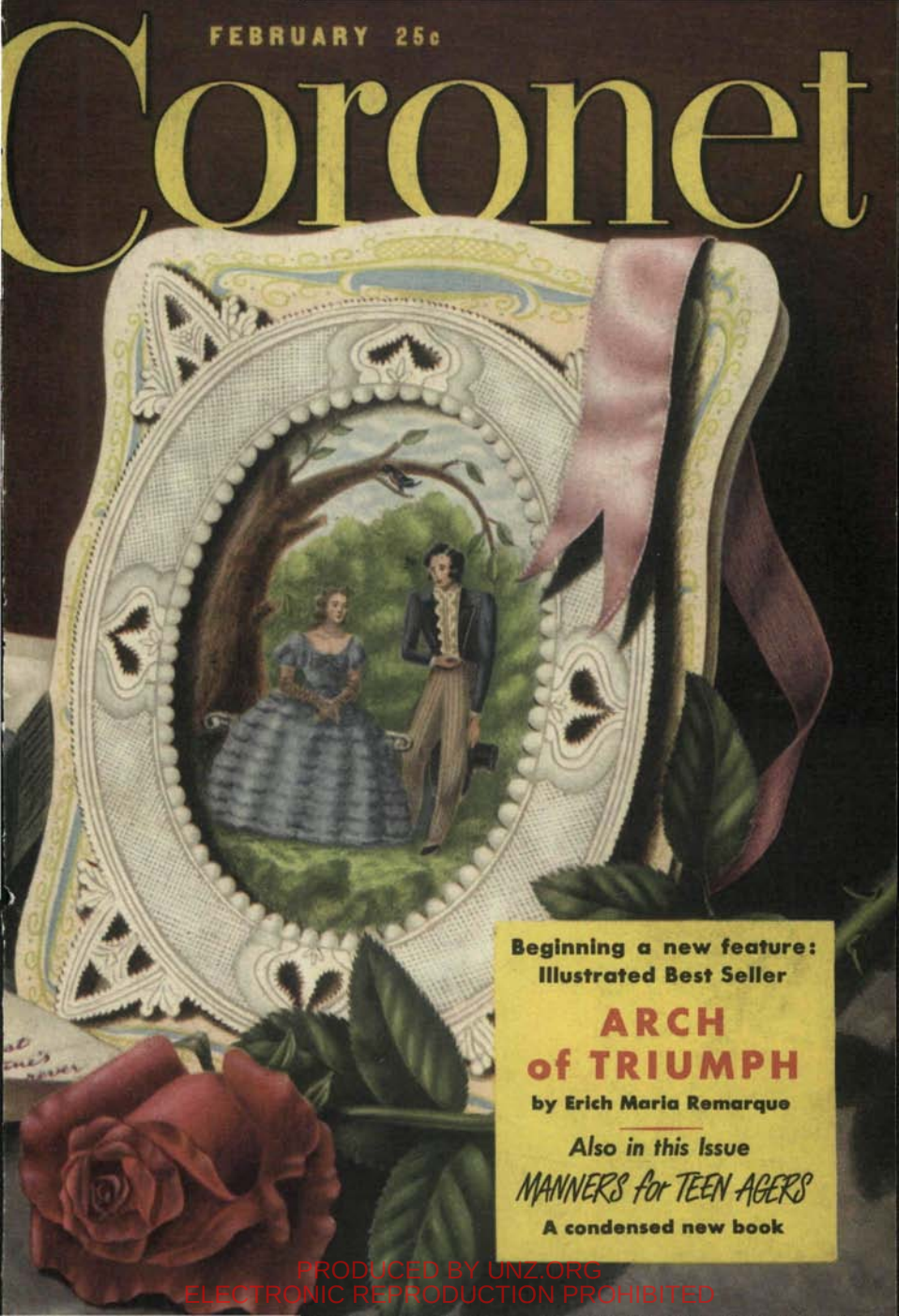

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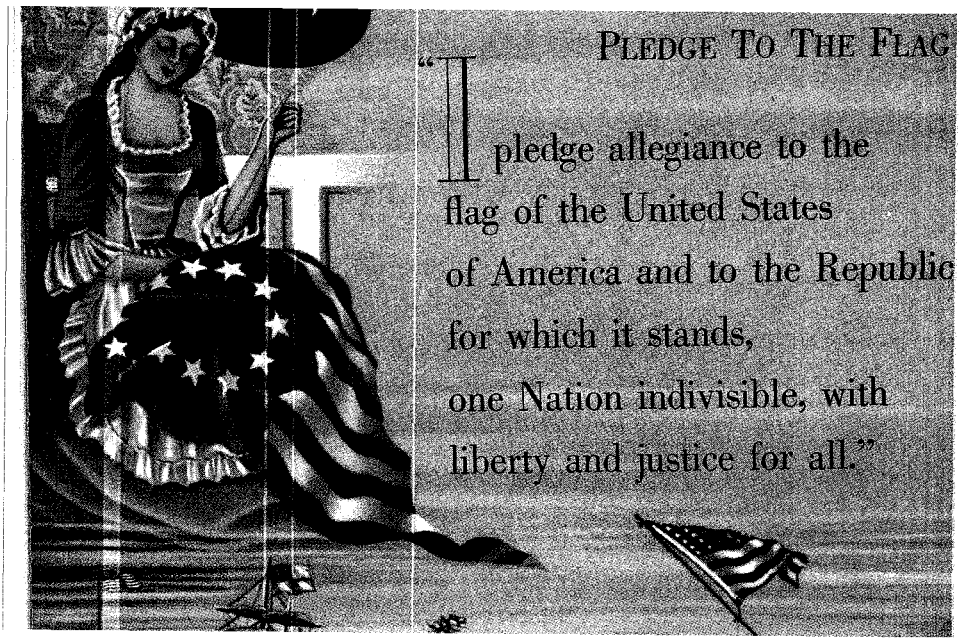
PLEDGE TO THE FLAG
"I pledge allegiance to the
flag of the United States
of America and to the Republic
for which it stands,
one Nation indivisible, with
liberty and justice for all."

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Vol. 21 No. 4 Coronet FEBRUARY 1947
Endless Variety in Stories and Pictures

I married an Alcoholic

ANONYMOUS

MY HUSBAND is a problem drinker. He has been one for years. When we were first married, I did not know he was a potential alcoholic: I only learned the fearful fact after we had settled down in our new home and had begun to raise a family. Since then our life has been for the most part a warped, embittered and tortuous one—typical of the lives led in thousands of American homes where the disease of alcoholism has taken a terrifying grip.

Eight years ago, I first consulted a competent psychiatrist about my husband. Already I had read everything I could find on the subject, but none of it was very helpful and I only knew the problem as a personal and tragic situation which had me whipped. I was literally ill with discouragement, frustration and fear.

The psychiatrist told me my alcoholic husband was a sick man, not just a self-indulgent one, and that he actually could not stop drinking. The doctor also told me it would likely take a shock to wake him up to his need for help. He urged me to do something about it, warning that my passive attitude was like turning my back on a forest fire.

As I was leaving, he repeated, "Remember, he is a sick man. It is just as if he had tuberculosis or cancer."

I agreed, for surely the problem was as serious as that. Only when I returned home did I find myself protesting: "But it is *not* just as if he had some other illness!"

In the first place, if he had a normal ailment, he would admit it and seek medical help in a hurry, instead of berating me when I begged him to see a doctor. And if he were seriously ill, family and friends would

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come rushing with custards and comfort, instead of holding aloof with spoken or implied censure.

Plenty of people—doctors, family and friends—advised me to give up and leave, but I could not do that. Marriage, my children, my ideal of home and wifehood meant too much. And then some stubborn streak, some prideful refusal to be a quitter, kept me grappling with the problem, still keeps me at it.

If I had only known 15 years ago what I know today, I think the many years spent in agonizing struggle would not have been partly wasted. That is why I am writing this article. Admittedly I do not know all the answers, but if anything I say eases the road for an alcoholic and his family, those who have traveled the road will appreciate the merciful kindness of such help.

PERHAPS IT WOULD take volumes to tell what the wife of any one alcoholic goes through emotionally, and no two horror stories are the same, just as no two men are the same. But eventually, as the disease progresses, alcoholics follow an amazingly similar pattern.

Roughly, I suppose I went through the usual phases of thinking that alcoholism was something rare. I grew up in the pre-Prohibition era when mild social drinking was commonplace. My own family always had liquor around, but used it in the European manner—mostly wines or a cocktail before dinner—and I had never seen anyone seriously affected by it.

However, by the time I was married, the intemperance of the late '20s was in full swing and I saw a lot of drinking at parties, with guests using flasks and getting "tight." My husband seemed to enjoy the stimulation and gaiety. I thought it was foolish and in bad taste, but never dreamed it would become a problem for us.

Then gradually my husband's drinking became more frequent, with real intoxication each time. Eventually came the drinking alone, and a changing personality and appearance. There was never any one reason for the drinking: he drank when business was good or when business was bad, to "relax" because he was tired, to "pick him up" when he was worried, or merely to "celebrate."

Then came the inevitable "passing out" at dances or parties, the staying out all night, the coming home so intoxicated it was a miracle he arrived at all. Then the stage of smashed cars, and embarrassed children when I could no longer cover up for him.

Our personal relationship was of course a nightmare. Our friends dropped away or invited me in the daytime. At night I cried quietly in my pillow for hours, and grew thin and jittery.

He took the attitude that I was unreasonable and neurotic, and that he "didn't drink any more than anyone else." Many of the men who became his friends during this period were people we had never known before, all of them heavy drinkers, some alcoholics. But I thought it my duty to entertain them, because he expected it. Yet I was ashamed and frightened all the time.

I fooled myself that he could and would stop, for after some particularly unpleasant incident he would abstain for a few days. Then, just as

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I was feeling encouraged, he would start drinking again.

Once when he had a relapse after several weeks of comparative sobriety, I begged him to see a doctor, assuming a good physician would send him to a psychiatrist. He refused point-blank and slammed out of the house.

I phoned my doctor, who said he should see a psychiatrist—something I had not dared to suggest. But when I called a psychiatrist, asking if he would treat my husband, he replied that in the case of alcoholics, they "usually take treatment with tongue in cheek. Most of them are hopeless."

I was right back where I had started. Now what to do? I am a college graduate, and long ago learned that to understand a problem one should dig out all the known material on it. So I turned to the local medical library and began research.

Behold! I found great comfort in discovering that in recent years tremendous strides have been made by objective workers in the field. I learned that while I seemed alone, as each wife of an alcoholic seems so terribly alone, there were millions of other women in the same boat. In scientific treatises, in thousands of case histories, I found conditions paralleling mine, and could draw certain conclusions.

According to latest figures, there are more than 3,000,000 immoderate drinkers in the U. S., 750,000 of whom are chronic alcoholics.

Some women are so naïve they think anyone who gets drunk is an alcoholic. This is utter nonsense. There are 50,000,000 people in the U. S. who use alcoholic beverages, and only 6 per cent of these are immoderate drinkers. Yet it is very difficult for lay people and many doctors to understand why some individuals can use alcohol wisely, while others cannot touch it without disaster.

Today, the attitude of society on alcoholism is confused to the point of chaos. In fact, it is still not far beyond the stage when crusading Carrie Nation, with her hatchet, broke up bars which were rebuilt as fast as she destroyed them.

This confused public attitude cannot be changed by alcoholics' families, who must endure it with what grace they can muster. Yet it is some comfort for them to know that scientists are making real progress in the study of the alcohol problem. Such organizations as the Research Council on Problems of Alcohol and the Yale University School of Alcohol Studies, as well as many other enlightened groups, are dispelling the darkness. Ignoring the taboos on scientific discussion of the subject, they are insisting that people realize this is a medical and public-health problem, not a moral issue, and must be treated as such.

SCIENTISTS AND LAYMEN often comment that the wife of an alcoholic is apt to be neurotic, or become so. Is this the cause or the effect of her partner's illness? Why is she so often nagging and disagreeable, or passive and heartbroken? Why is she so often full of self-pity, or frantic in her behavior? Why does she call the doctor or the police about her husband, and then cover up and excuse his drunkenness? Why does she leave him and go back to him, scold him and protect him?

I think because in addition to be-

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ing one of the loneliest women in the world, she is one of the most frustrated. The average woman marries, expecting certain normal satisfactions on the social, economic, sexual and emotional levels. She hopes for maternity, and for a rich and normal life. As the wife of an alcoholic, she will achieve few, if any, of these objectives.

Men do not generally become problem drinkers until they are in their thirties. The fourth and fifth decades are usually when alcoholism becomes an unmanageable factor. Hence the problem comes upon wives when they have been married for years, and for no reason they can understand.

They see their marriage being ruined in spite of anything they can do. The rounds of quarrels, sleepless nights, smashed cars, lost jobs, ruined friendships, frightened and embarrassed children never ends. Their friends alternately chide and scold. Home is turned into a concentration camp for tortured souls.

As the drinking continues, the husband regresses. Any woman feels that she can face life hand in hand with her mate, but now she finds she must face everything alone. She is rejected by her husband, who berates her for any sort of action—or none.

Relatives and doctors urge her to leave. Well meaning but uninformed friends and advisers often do more harm than good as they urge the alcoholic to moderation, a thing of which he is utterly incapable. And so the alcoholic's wife becomes hopelessly unhappy, psychologically and physically ill.

If she turns neurotic, it is no wonder. Yet she should not feel guilty. Instead, the most important thing she can do is to come to understand, as much as possible, the true nature of the disease of alcoholism. This will help to rid her of tensions, and make it easier for her to cooperate with those who can help her husband. Also it will give her a defense against the mistaken if well-meant advice with which she is apt to be deluged.

THE SCIENTISTS who are studying alcoholism know that the problem drinker is a sick individual, and insist that he deserves proper medical and psychiatric care. They have found that the causes of alcoholism are extremely complex, and lie in the individual drinker, not in liquor itself. They know that his compulsive drinking is the symptom of some deep disturbance of the mind and emotions—a pathological expression of an inner need.

They will grant that environment plays a part. They will also grant that he might have a predisposition to the disease of alcoholism, just as he might have one to tuberculosis and cancer. They also have found that many alcoholics are physically or mentally handicapped. But in most instances, the victims are only a special kind of neurotic.

The mystery of why one individual can drink with impunity and another cannot, has not been solved. Patients and their wives must merely accept the fact, as though the alcoholic had an allergy to liquor. His only hope of rehabilitation lies in never taking another drink for the rest of his life. The wife has learned, even if he has not, that "tapering off" or just "sticking to beer" is impossible. For the alcoholic, a life of

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total abstinence is the only solution.

While there is no one "alcoholic personality," they all have certain characteristics in common: emotional insecurity, immaturity, a vague hostility toward family and others, a chronic will to fail, and conscious or unconscious suicidal tendencies.

While there is no one cause for the disease, the psychological roots invariably go back to childhood or infancy. This knowledge that the causes antedate her marriage will be a great comfort to the wife and make her feel more secure. No matter what other reasons the husband may give for his drinking, *they are not real*, and if he blames her, he is wrong. If being married to a shrew would cause alcoholism, we all know many a sober man who would have long since succumbed.

As alcoholism progresses, the patient becomes more and more infantile. Whatever his real or fancied childhood experience has been, it has left him so emotionally warped that he cannot develop adult attitudes. A wife will get along much more easily with an alcoholic when she understands this—for she will then realize that the cruel and stupid things he does and says are not rational or aimed at her, but the cruelties of a child hurt by life, striking out blindly.

Eventually he becomes more aggressive and hostile, and deteriorates physically as well as mentally. Unless he is stopped in this cycle and cured, he is headed for a complete breakdown. This stage is most difficult for the wife. Besides enduring his exasperating behavior, she is frequently an insecure person herself, needing a strong man to lean on. Her demands, which make the normal man respond with pride, only distress the alcoholic and make him feel even more inadequate.

In short, the wife has a problem child in place of the lover and companion-helpmate she wanted. This is apt to make her turn against her husband, in revenge for being deprived of basic satisfactions. Yet when she understands his illness and its causes, she will realize she must substitute understanding and patience for her resentment, justified though it may be. She must treat the patient as though he were delirious from typhoid.

DOCTORS USED TO CONSIDER a case of alcoholism hopeless. Now scientific research has shown that there are many different treatments which work, and that with each of them, or several combined, half of the patients are cured, an encouraging percentage for any serious disease. Stressing the fact that the alcoholic is a desperately sick person, and that his aggravating behavior is not voluntary, researchers emphasize that the physician with a 50-50 chance of curing a tubercular or diabetic patient does not give up in face of a relapse. Hence he should not chide the alcoholic for relapsing, but bend every effort toward a cure.

None of the cures will work, however, unless the alcoholic himself *wants* to get well. The first and greatest hurdle is to make the alcoholic want to stop drinking. This the wife cannot do herself. The husband resents her with an accumulated unconscious resentment. Then, too, as he becomes more infantile, he wants his own way. It is now too late for her to try discipline. What is more,

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the fact that he usually likes men better than women will make him more receptive to advice from one of his own sex. If he can be made to see, preferably by a man he respects and admires, that others do not think he can cope with liquor, he may come to fear drinking and turn against it.

My greatest help came from two outstanding businessmen, old friends of ours, who had talked with me about my husband's alcoholism. I went to one of them and explained the problem—in the light of my new understanding—and asked him to urge my husband to stop. He did, and that helped for a while. Then, after several less frequent relapses, I approached the second man with the same request. He, too, complied, and his friendly but forthright talk with my husband brought about a longer spell of sobriety than I had seen in many years.

In connection with this masculine approach, Alcoholics Anonymous, the famed association of cured drinkers, has effected startling recoveries and arrestments of the disease. Working with competent medical men, they form an ideal combination, especially if the patient is open to spiritual motivation. They also talk a man-to-man language which helps to overcome the alcoholic's belief that no one understands him.

Still another cure factor is fear of physical injury. A heart attack, an accident or ulcers have frightened many alcoholics into sobriety. Yet in any of the approaches to the problem drinker, the wife must stand by ready to help. For out of my own experience, I have come to believe that few alcoholics can recover without the faithful and consistent support of a wife.

If the wife of an alcoholic came to me today for counsel and help, I would try first to comfort her, then give her a "plan of action" to pursue, with the understanding that she would amend it in any way her husband's doctor advised. I would tell her that there *are* things she can do besides weep, and that here is her tentative credo:

I will, by reading and study and counsel, come to understand as much as I can about the disease of alcoholism. Understanding will dispel many fears, and make the next step easier: to accept my role, which is to help my husband recover.

I will not say he is sick and then treat him as if he were normal. I will never give up hope that he can be cured, no matter what he does. I will see that he has the best medical care for his sick body, and eventually the best psychiatric care for his mind and emotions.

I will remember when he has a relapse that men with other diseases have them too, and that it just means trying harder for both of us.

I will not keep liquor from him, unless the doctor advises me to do so, but try constantly to help him realize he is "allergic" to it for some reason, and must avoid it as a diabetic avoids sugar.

Meanwhile I will remain objective about the drinking of others, and not be an embittered Carrie Nation, advocating the return of an already proven evil, Prohibition.

I will never forget that the only absolute and unfailing cure is complete abstinence, and I will pray for the day when my husband can say with a laugh: "No, thank you.

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I've had enough for two lifetimes." I will try to arrange a satisfying social life that he can share, and if that is impossible at home as rich and graceful as possible. I will never forget that I took him "for better or for worse, for richer or poorer, in sickness and in health." Above all, I will always remember I love him, and that if I do all these things, eventually I will find my love and faith justified.

That is the credo I would offer to the wife of an alcoholic. I pass it along here because it has been crystallized out of my own experience—an experience costly not only in intangible things but in money as well. Thus, for the average family that has neither the means nor the inclination to consult high-priced medical advisers, my simple credo will save many an exorbitant fee.

But above all, I know it will work. The proof is to be found in my own home. Today, my sick husband is closer to complete recovery than ever before in his life. We are joyfully confident, at last, that we have alcoholism whipped.

"... Borne Like a Vapor"

SHE WAS JUST a little old lady sunk deep in the bed pillows and deeper still in remembered pictures of the past. I, her physician, had never till that night seen her in the intimate surroundings of her home . . . a home delicate as the smell of lavender. My eyes roamed around the room in which she lay, half afraid of prying too deeply, aware that herein lay the story of human life upon human life, the story of generations. They fell upon an old photograph yellowed with age.

It was the picture of a young girl, about 18, I imagined. It was a semi-profile, the right shoulder bare beneath folds of chiffon-like material. The head rested on a finely carved neck. The face was oval, with cheek bones high under the white skin. The eyes were deep-set, the mouth strong with sensitive lips. About it all hung her hair—loose, as the wind might have tossed it, about her shoulders; hair that would have shone honey-colored in the sun, but perhaps a light brown by ordinary light.

The over-all picture was exquisite—as breathtaking as only God's perfection must be. As I stared at the picture, the little old lady smiled. I asked who the divine creature was.

"That was my mother," she answered softly, "My mother, Jane. Long ago another man saw the same beauty you see in her now. He called her Jeannie. His name was Stephen Foster."

And suddenly I realized that here was the portrait of a song, a song that now seemed to fill the room about the picture: *Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair.*

—MYRON L. MORRIS

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Traffic *Rolls* in Philadelphia

by HENRY D. STEINMETZ

With the help of the man in the street, a progressive city solved its parking problems and really got things moving

IF YOU HAVE EVER floundered in a city sea of cars, cops and horn-happy drivers, count yourself another victim of America's No. 1 urban ailment—hardening of the traffic arteries. Cities everywhere are fighting the insidious affliction—with small results. Growing worse each day, it exacts a staggering cost in time and money from every metropolitan center in America.

Street congestion in New York robs merchants of $1,000,000 a day. Boston figures its annual forfeiture to the trucking trade alone at $40,000,000. In downtown Detroit, real estate values have tumbled a billion since 1934, twice the combined property losses of the historic Chicago fire and the San Francisco earthquake. Pittsburgh, Los Angeles and scores of other metropolises report business concerns fleeing from mid-city areas which are slowly dying of traffic strangulation.

From Philadelphia, however, comes significant and encouraging news. Soon after the war a determined citizens' committee, created by the municipal government, set out to blast log-jammed streets in the heart of town. Within a few months the worst aspects of the problem were licked. Today, traffic really rolls in the Quaker City.

Hero of the victory is Robert A. Mitchell, Philadelphia's supercharged traffic engineer. Anticipating the war's end, he foresaw what it would bring—cars suddenly clogging downtown streets, an overnight return of pre-war traffic paralysis, as bad as or worse than anywhere else in the U.S. For Philadelphia's 2,000,000 population is packed into a relatively small area, and its centralized stores, offices and theaters are a magnet for 1,000,000 suburbanites. Moreover, the city itself is a traffic man's nightmare, with most of its downtown streets no wider than the horse-and-buggy lanes of Ben Franklin's day.

Mitchell knew what steps were necessary. He also knew that selling them to politicians and the public was something else. Of one thing he was positive: traffic reform had to spring from the people—it could never be imposed on them. How he got Philadelphians to back his program is a study in modern Machiavellian tactics with a benign twist.

For years Mitchell had been building friendly contacts with progressive spirits in the local street transit company, the real estate board and other traffic-conscious organizations. In July, 1945, he called them together for a strategy huddle. Then, while he lay low, they tackled the City Council.

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The upshot, just in time for the V-J deluge, was the Council-appointed Committee for Relief of Traffic Congestion, with Mitchell as chairman. Besides transit and real estate men, it included representatives of the Council, Police Bureau, Chamber of Commerce, Merchants Association, hotel and theater groups, two auto clubs and the largest taxi company. Mitchell had pulled strings in advance to insure this broad participation, and it later paid off in the enthusiastic cooperation of all local interests.

But getting that cooperation also took diplomacy. The merchants, fearing a blow at business, gagged at the curb-parking ban which Mitchell prescribed to remedy traffic ills. So he rolled the pill in sugar coating—a preliminary survey of shoppers' driving and parking habits. The committee had no funds for this, but Mitchell's persuasive powers were as good as a blank check. In short order he jollied the merchants, together with the transit company, into financing the project themselves.

National Analysts, Inc., an independent research group, buttonholed 5,000 shoppers in stores, mailed questionnaires to another 4,000 curb-parkers. The survey returns were startling. Less than one shopper in ten, for instance, used a car to get to downtown stores. Only two per cent of these shoppers parked their cars on the streets. Further, all the cars curb-parked in the crowded mid-city section carried only three per cent of the people visiting the district daily on business, pleasure or shopping jaunts.

With these figures, Mitchell easily swung the merchants into line and won from the Council what he had long wanted: "No Parking" signs throughout a 100-square-block area at the city's teeming core. "No Stopping" signs also went up, effective during morning and evening rush hours.

Mitchell, who knew that even an army of cops couldn't enforce unpopular parking rules, took democratic pains to consult the people on his plan. Two months' publicity and open discussion preceded its adoption on January 2, 1946. Results were immediate and electrifying. Plain citizens backed the police, jeered at violators. Soon there were no violators.

Traffic spurted and auto speed through the center of town jumped 75 per cent. Trolleys bonged along 20 per cent faster, cut headway time between cars to less than two minutes. Street accidents dropped 15 per cent. And business for midtown merchants was better than ever.

Philadelphians toasted Mitchell. Cab drivers, deprived of stands,

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more than made up the loss in greater freedom of movement. Trucking concerns hauled more goods in less time. Complaint letters to the newspapers totaled exactly one. A local columnist, originally critical of the scheme, publicly retracted. A few merchants moaned over the prohibition of curb loading and unloading during rush hours, but Mitchell quickly helped them solve their problems.

There have been few other difficulties, unless you count the affair of the carrot, the horse cop and the kind-hearted motorman. A minor jam was holding things up on 9th Street near Market, around 4:30 each afternoon. Investigating, Mitchell's men witnessed a touching scene. A streetcar was halted, impeding traffic. After some minutes a mounted cop jogged up. The horse, with a practiced air, poked his head in the car door and received from the motorman a fine, fat carrot. Mitchell straightened things out with a tactful suggestion to the cop that hereafter he and his steed meet the trolley more promptly.

No traffic tickets were handed out in Philadelphia the first 10 days. After that there was little need of them. Initially adopted for a 90-day trial period, the new scheme was made permanent in April.

Success of the Philadelphia venture stems directly from the spirit of cooperation kindled in the man in the street—or, as a case in point, the lady in the streetcar. A sedate, middle-aged woman, about to alight from a Walnut Street trolley, found her way blocked by an illegally parked car. Opening the door, she plunked herself in the driver's seat. Soon the owner returned. But it was a full five minutes before he regained possession of his car. At length he drove sheepishly away, no doubt a better citizen for the bracing lecture he had received before an appreciative sidewalk audience.

WORD OF THE "Mitchell Plan" is spreading. Experts from New York, Boston, Washington and elsewhere have come to stare at cars speeding through Philadelphia's narrow streets. Other centers have consulted the Quaker City engineer—New Orleans, for instance, whose troubles he has recently tackled with a similar plan. Among traffic men, Mitchell is the man of the year, if not of the decade.

At 47, Bob Mitchell stands at the top of a profession he entered by economic accident. A Cornell graduate in architecture in 1921, he practiced till the early '30s, when the big slump hit building. Casting around for a draftsman's job, he landed one with Philadelphia's Bureau of Traffic Engineering. By 1936 he was head of the department.

Mitchell's post-war clean-up of Philadelphia isn't his first whirl with the city's traffic problems. Years ago he adopted the progressive signal-light system which is now widely used elsewhere. It enables drivers on main arteries to drive without hitting a red light, simply by maintaining a speed of, say, 30 miles an hour. He also originated the "four-phase" signal for three-and-four-way intersections—an intricate gadget that regulates lights in relation to the direction of heaviest traffic flow.

Most amazing of all, however, is a mechanical monster—the "triple

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reset master control"—which he designed and installed in the basement of City Hall. This device, hooked up to 60 per cent of the town's lights, automatically adjusts them three times daily to give maximum in-town traffic flow in the morning, an even two-way movement during the day, and a maximum outflow in late afternoon.

As his reputation grew, the Philadelphia traffic wizard lectured at Harvard, Yale and other colleges, served ODT as advisory expert during the war, and co-authored a manual on traffic-control devices that has since been written into the laws of nearly every state in the Union. All of which should entitle him to a fairly imposing manner. Instead, he is a slangy, easygoing, unassuming fellow, sometimes mistaken by visitors for one of the clerks in his own department.

The final installments of Mitchell's Philadelphia traffic story are still to come. Next step will be to provide Philadelphia with additional off-street parking facilities to permit a further extension of the ban on curb parking in the mid-city area.

Figuring that parking demand will rise 25 to 30 per cent in the next five years, Mitchell and his committee have mapped an off-street facilities program for execution during 1947. Its main feature is the creation of a Parking Authority to condemn and acquire properties, build garages, and lease them to private operators on terms assuring reasonable parking rates. Other projected steps include enactment of an ordinance requiring built-in parking facilities as well as truck loading berths in all major new buildings.

Dovetailing with all this, the Philadelphia Transportation Company is replacing much of its present equipment with 895 sleek modern cars, busses and trolley coaches. Since one trolley coach can whisk 75 riders into town, the company's program will help thin out traffic and ease the parking crush.

Mitchell himself is by no means complacent over the job he has done. Starting over, for instance, he would pitch into curb and off-street parking problems at the same time. Nevertheless, his accomplishments are hailed by outside experts as well as grateful Philadelphians. For the city is on the move again, the worst of its traffic troubles a thing of the past. The same phenomenon can happen in any city, says Mitchell—if the people really want it.

That Settled It

SUPERSTITION DIES hard. Many years ago British seamen would not sail on Friday under any circumstances. A government official decided to kill this fear once and for all. So the keel of a new ship was laid on Friday, the ship was christened on Friday, launched on Friday, and put to sea on Friday. Neither ship nor crew was ever heard from again.

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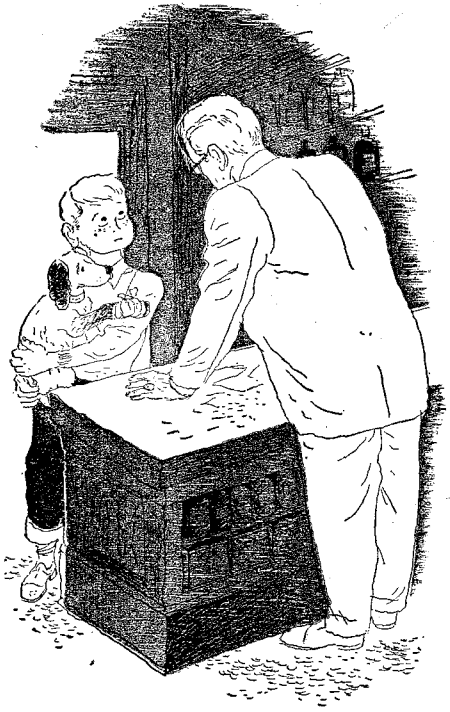
The Grand Old Man of Pharmacy



by CAROL HUGHES

Here is the inspiring story of a small-town druggist who has left his mark on everything worthwhile in his community

"I HAVE NEVER BEEN tired, lonesome or sleepy," is the cheerful statement of Francis Marion Hewitt, a penniless Illinois orphan at the age of 10, almost a millionaire at 73. He amplifies his statement by adding: "Being a pharmacist was too interesting to be tiring, I have too many friends ever to be lonesome, and I never had time to get accustomed to sleep."

Smiling, gray-eyed Frank Hewitt owns a drugstore in Carbondale, Illinois, a town of about 12,000 population—and 7 drugstores. After almost 50 years of pharmacy, with robust competition, it's still Hewitt's drugstore and Hewitt's town. His time-stained records hold a history of the community. His personal imprint is stamped on every constructive project the town has attempted during his lifetime. He has brought a new humanity to the office of pharmacy and lent an inspirational twist to the old "go West" advice of Greeley. To Carbondale youth, Hewitt is a model who suggests "stay home, young man, your fortune is here."

Through the years Frank Hewitt has filled more than 1,500,000 prescriptions; has watched his town grow from horse and buggy days to the motor age; has seen two genera-

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tions of his customers go off to fight two World Wars; has kept pace with pharmacy from mixing his own drugs to the age of plucking everything ready-made from his shelves. Smilingly he says:

"I guess I could give you the life story of almost everybody here just from the prescription files. Births, deaths, marriages, illnesses—it's all there."

There is, however, more than paper records in the Hewitt drugstore. There are drama, tragedy, humor, death, the secret sorrows and the secret horrors—locked forever in the heart of the grand old man of Carbondale.

"Being a pharmacist in a small town," he says quietly, "is not just mixing prescriptions. The people come for advice. They want to talk about their aches and pains, the new baby, the husband who has taken to the bottle, a sick cat—and the poor depend on the druggist instead of a doctor. Sometimes the people even want you to play God."

Hewitt has played God many times, but not in the way the customer planned. One day a six-year-old girl came into the drugstore, clutching a note and crying: "Mummy is awful sick!"

Hewitt opened the note and read: "Please, Mr. Hewitt, you are a kind man. Destroy this note and do me a favor—send me something to put me out of this world. I can't stand it any more."

Hewitt smiled at little Mary. "Have an ice cream cone," he said, "while I fix the medicine."

He went to the back and called a minister. "Meet me at Mrs. X's in 20 minutes," he said.

Today he smiles warmly: "I saw her only last week. She was bouncing her grandchild on her knee and laughing down deep where it counts. I think I'd rather be a pharmacist than president—it's more fun and more personal. . . .

"People think pharmacy is a second-rate profession in which no talent or ability is required. They're crazy! The country needs 10,000 new pharmacists now. I can't even get help for my store, and no profession pays bigger dividends in satisfaction."

To a man like Hewitt, no profession pays greater monetary values when it is combined with the business acumen he possesses and the respect of his fellow citizens. Today he is vice-president of the Carbondale National Bank, holds a similar position in the Carbondale Building and Loan Association, and has amassed large holdings in real estate. Yet through the building of his fortune he has never lost a friend.

Asked if he had any known enemies, his eyes flashed. "Oh, no," he said. "If I thought I had an enemy I would go right out and shake his hand before the sun went down."

He did just that after he had exchanged bitter words with one of the town's businessmen. The following morning he was up at 7 A.M. and walked to a corner where he knew the man had to pass. He sat down on the curb and waited until the man came along. Then he stood up.

"Will you shake my hand," he said, "while I have the sense to do it? I sure didn't have it last night when I let you get away."

On this concept he has built his life, believing his own prosperity is bound up with that of his neighbors and their good will. When his own

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son came into business with him he gave him one guiding principle. "Remember, son," he said solemnly, "if you offend one man a month, that's 12 a year, 24 the next and 36 the next, and so on, until no one in town will buy from you."

JUST WHERE THE ORPHAN boy picked up his philosophy for living is hard to say. His was a difficult beginning. Born in Tunnel Hill, Illinois, in 1873, his father, a farmer, died when he was two. His mother died when he was 10. The "always smiling" little boy was shunted first to live with his Aunt Nancy in an overcrowded house, then to live with his mother's brother, Dr. Levi Casey, a bachelor. He soon learned that the "job of getting along was mine, and no one else's."

Dr. Casey practiced medicine and ran a drugstore. Frank lived with him in quarters above the pharmacy and helped him to operate it. Going to school on a catch-as-catch-can basis, he tried to study medicine. Before finishing high school he passed the entrance exams in pharmacy at Northwestern University. There he secured his living and his education by sweeping floors, running an elevator and working as janitor at night. The more he studied pharmacy, the more excitement he found in it.

By the time he had reached his senior year he knew he had found his life's work. A college friend urged him to take the Registered Pharmacist's examination. But the cost was $10, and Hewitt didn't have the money. The friend agreed to lend him the fee so that they could take the exam together. Hewitt passed brilliantly. The other senior failed.

From that day onward, capricious fortune played an important part in the rise of Frank Hewitt, making the seemingly impossible possible, and leaving a deep religious imprint on the mind of the orphan boy. "So much has been accident, so much surprise," he says, "that I find it difficult to draw the line between where God opened a door and I laid the bricks and mixed the mortar with my own hands."

Young Frank was working in a drugstore at Paducah, Kentucky, when a friend in Carbondale wired that a local pharmacy was for sale. Why not look it over? The store, as Hewitt recalls, wasn't much to look at. Showcases were mounted on tables, a wood stove provided heat, floors were made of boards, the shelves were almost empty.

While Frank was looking it over, two men came in and asked for a common drug. The clerk said: "We don't have it." The two men walked out.

The incident made an indelible impression on the young pharmacist. He resolved never to be without a product that could be bought. Today the slogan of the Hewitt drugstore is: "You name it—we have it." They will wire anywhere, or go to a local doctor and pick it up, so that no customer ever walks out.

Hewitt offered $1,000 for the property and the offer was accepted. Thus he found himself the owner of a drugstore in 1900—in a town of 2,000 population which already had four drugstores. It was the beginning of a dramatic half-century. The world was just jogging along. The streets of Carbondale were un-

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paved. No one owned an automobile. Only five families had horse-drawn vehicles. There were no radios, no movies, no Rotary Clubs —few people had a phone. Blacksmith shops were doing a good business, and the chief recreation of the town was pitching horseshoes. Hewitt surveyed the prospects with a balance of $400 in cash, a will to work and plenty of ambition.

With tireless constancy and patient confidence, Frank set out to build his life in this typical small town. Success, he knew, depended on how he handled competition. There were no cokes, sandwiches or cosmetics to bolster sales in those days—and few patent medicines.

"A druggist had to mix his own elixirs and tinctures," he recalls, "from the berries, roots and barks he bought wholesale. The old way was hard, but a pharmacist came in contact with the manipulation and compounding of drugs. If a man asked for a prescription, I'd know what drugs I used because I made them myself."

Hewitt opened his drugstore at 7 A.M. and usually closed at midnight. He ran it all alone. After serving customers all day he mixed drugs after closing hours. In an effort to stock his store with every available drug he applied for a bank loan. While waiting for the loan to go through he began to compound his own remedies, including chill tonic, standard rheumatic remedy, cold tablets and headache powders. Sales rose so rapidly that he never had to draw the loan. And today his own drugs are still among the best sellers.

"They're just home remedies for home folks," he smiles.

THE DRUGSTORE GREW and Frank Hewitt grew with it. He found that being a druggist involved being a friend, adviser, counselor, and "sometimes almost a magician." All of which gave zest to living. His passion for people was genuine, and as a "whole generation of folks" passed through his store, they grew to know and respect the kind-faced, smiling man. Needy people of the town became "his care, not his burden." When a doctor gave medical attention to some destitute family, he filled all prescriptions free, renewing them as long as was necessary.

Doctors in Carbondale testify that he could always be counted on in an emergency. "If you needed a prescription or Hewitt at any hour of the night," one remembers, "he was always ready to get up and go. In the old days he kept his antitoxin in the drugstore icebox and was on call all night."

Frank's sleep was never certain. One night a woman took poison in a suicide attempt. She had tried to obtain the drug from Hewitt and had been refused. Finally she bought it in a neighboring town. In the bleak and barren room the doctor and Hewitt worked all night to save her. Then he went directly to his drugstore to put in a 17-hour day.

"She wouldn't speak to me for months," Hewitt says, "but now she and her son are my best friends."

Frank Hewitt's influence on his town has been direct, indirect, intermittent and constant. As the years rolled on, businessmen began to hold civic meetings in the drugstore. They liked Hewitt's advice. He talked, and he listened to talk. Finally, when politics began to get

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messy, they urged public office on him.

He served as Commissioner of Public Health and Safety. He was voted City Treasurer in 1922, without even knowing he was being considered. The State Senate was about to confirm his appointment as trustee of Southern Illinois Normal University when the Governor said: "Don't you think we ought to tell Hewitt?"

The Governor called and Hewitt accepted. But when they started to elect him mayor, he rebelled with his usual humor. "Would anybody mind if I spent a little time in my drugstore—where I would rather be?"

Late one night a group of state leaders came into the drugstore. "We want your advice about the coming election of a State senator," they told him.

Hewitt beamed. "Well, now, you've sure come to the right place," he said, "I've got two dandies all picked out."

The delegation smiled. "We have only one," they informed him. "You're it!"

Much against his will, he ran and was elected. He had no relish for the rough and tumble of politics or for the tricks necessary to maintain office. Politicians soon got a taste of Hewitt's direct honesty and began to hope he would return to his drugstore—which he longed to do. Once, when a questionable deal came to the Senate floor, Hewitt rose to his feet.

"I don't know where you fellows are planning to hide out when this is over, but I'm going back to my friends and neighbors. I don't want to hide anywhere—I like folks better than money." The deal fell through. And when Hewitt's term was over, he headed back for his drugstore.

NO ONE KNOWS HOW many local people have been helped by this kindly, gray-haired man. The town knows of ambitious young boys who have served an apprenticeship under Hewitt and gone on to college. They know of financial help given to many. They know that the new wing of Carbondale's hospital is largely his work. The increased staff and facilities of the Normal University can be traced to his influence. Streets and sewers were constructed and sanitation rules set up during his term as Health Commissioner. The Methodist Church chimes that ring softly over the city every day at 5 o'clock were a gift from him.

When the Building and Loan Association was about to go under, the directors appealed to the Federal Reserve Bank for a loan. They were turned down. Then they went to Hewitt. He arranged for the loan, and today the Association is a solid and prosperous concern.

In 1906, Hewitt married Winifred Harker, a local judge's daughter whom he met in the drugstore. Soon afterward he built his first home, a fine old mansion whose bricks have since weathered the upbringing of three children: Francis Marion, Jr., Winifred and Mary Ann. Young Francis entered law college, but after a year he told his father: "Dad, I'm going to cost you money. I've studied law and looked at lawyers, and I've decided I'd rather be another you—a pharmacist." Today he runs the drug-

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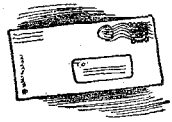
store, now modernized with soda and luncheon counter, but still operated on the same old-time principles and still the prescription center of the town.

Hewitt, whose hair is now snow-white, stands erect but walks with a cane. His left foot has been causing trouble, yet his mind and ambitions show no signs of being winded. He still mixes drugs at home while waiting for the foot to heal. Every time he spies someone he knows, he whistles softly and says: "I'm glad to see you." Reason, moderation, content—this wide mental horizon plus a zest for living and a genuine art for making friends have made Francis Marion Hewitt a man to be envied.

As one leading citizen says: "There is nothing worth while in Carbondale that does not bear the mark and memory of Frank Hewitt. The town is lucky to have one of his breed. In his own sphere and manner, he is a great person in America's finest tradition."

Juvenile Jive



VISITOR: "My, you're a bright little girl. How do you know it's the first of the month?"

Child: "Cause all of daddy's letters have front windows in them!" —*An Editor's Notebook*

A YOUNG BUSINESSMAN returned home all tired out from a hard day at the office, and found his two children rushing madly about the house. He gave them both a scolding and sent them off to bed as soon as they had eaten their supper. The next morning he found this note pinned to his bedroom door:

"Be good to your children and they will be good to you. Yours truly, God." —*Capper's Weekly*

LITTLE MARY pranced onto Mrs. Stevens' front porch. "I have a little baby brother," she announced proudly.

"Isn't that lovely?" said Mrs. Stevens. "Is he going to stay?"

"I guess so," said Mary, "he's got his things off."

IT was the recitation period in geography class.

"What's the shape of the earth, Milton?" asked the teacher.

"Round" replied the boy.

"And how do you know it's round, Milton?" she persisted.

The pupil shifted uneasily in his seat.

"So all right," he said finally, "it's square. I don't feel like arguing about it." —INA RAY HUTTON

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Heartbreak in Vienna

by ARNOLD GINGRICH

Once a city of dreams, Austria's capital today is a mecca of emptiness; the only thing it still has in abundance is hunger

VIENNA, THE CITY whose name was once an international synonym for wine, women and song, is today a mecca of emptiness, where there's no wine and the women have nothing to sing for, and where everybody would cheerfully give an arm to get out, if only long enough for a few square meals. The list of things you can't get in Vienna today but can get in Prague, Budapest, Belgrade, Bucharest and Rome, would be boringly long to American readers but breathlessly exciting to the Viennese.

Naturally, all Austrians would like to come to America, which seems to them as attainable as the moon, but so would 19 out of 20 other Europeans you meet, so that can be thrown out. But the best barometer of Viennese eagerness to escape is to be seen at the Swiss Consulate there, where some hundreds of thousands of applications for Swiss visas are on file. This is a large percentage of the total population of Vienna (even if you count the Russian army of occupation).

Speaking of armies of occupation, they recently comprised about 15,000 Americans, 15,000 British, 30,000 French and—this is not a misprint—70,000 Russians. But the Americans have been going home at a rate which, while pleasing to the individual Americans involved, is alarming to the Austrians, who contend that for every American who goes home at least two more Russians move in. The irrepressible Viennese, whom not even hunger can cure of a congeni-

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tal disposition to make cracks, will solemnly say: "The Americans and Russians work on opposite systems: the more points an American gets the sooner he can go home—the more points a Russian gets the longer he can stay here!"

However poor and shabby Vienna may seem today to the Viennese, contrasted with the splendors of its whipped-cream past, it is true that the Russians seem charmed at the prospect of spending the rest of their lives there. They have settled their families in droves, and have even opened schools for their children. This latter development, the first ominous suggestion that the Russians were in no hurry to go home, almost drove the Viennese to a collective jump into the beautiful blue Danube.

It isn't that they like *us* so much, or the British or the French, for they are heartily sick of all four occupiers; it's just that they dislike the Russians so much more. So much more, in fact, that by contrast they are madly in love with us. And they shudder for the day when they will be left alone with the Reds again, for nothing will convince them that we will have the patience to stay as long as the Russians.

That the latter were incredibly stupid in their actions during the first few months when Liberation was an all-Russian show, there can be no doubt. But that they were even half as bestial as the Austrians assert is hard to believe. Still, after deducting 90 per cent, it would serve to justify the Austrian attitude toward the Russians today. Stories of that period are as innumerable as they are unprintable, and it is certain that they will still be told, losing nothing in the retelling, 50 years hence. Suffice it to say that the present dearth of "wine, women and song" is explained by the Viennese with the accusation that the Russians eliminated all three in a marathon debauch that can never be forgotten, much less forgiven.

VIENNA CORRESPONDENTS, almost none of whom arrived in anything resembling a "red-baiting" mood, and even including some ardent Soviet-lovers accredited to highbrow journals of opinion, have been perplexed over what to say about the Russian technique for making occupied territory "politically safe." To judge by Austrian experience, this seems to be simply a matter of employing a few soldiers to put up posters and monuments with inscriptions (in Russian) telling about the glorious Red Army's role as liberators, while turning the rest of the soldiers loose upon the populace. Later they call off the troops, and if the latter are slow to stop looting or raping, they start shooting them as methodically as you would swat flies.

Then, when the civil population that has just been "liberated" of its female virtue and its more tangible possessions shows a bewildering lack of enthusiasm for communism, it immediately convicts itself in Russian eyes of being steeped in "fascism" and a member of the anti-Soviet "bloc."

The irony of all this is that if ever a metropolitan population was ripe to fall into the arms of the Soviet it was Vienna, where the Russians at first were sincerely hailed as liberators. For while no people have a

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more ingrained devotion to personal liberty than the Viennese, nevertheless in the days before Hitler they were the most advanced of any Continental city in social welfare and legislation.

That they were some leagues ahead of the Soviet in housing the proletariat is evidenced by the fact that Red troops, when they burst into the city, vented special fury upon the beautiful workers' buildings—like the famous Karl Marx Apartments—because they couldn't believe such imposing living quarters could possibly belong to anybody but millionaires. Didn't they all have bathrooms? This was proof enough for the Russian soldiers that they must harbor only the wealthiest elements.

It would be unfair to imply, however, that the misbehavior which characterized the Russians in Vienna a year ago is still typical today. Their troops are now scrupulously "correct," and although they fraternize little with the Austrians (and not at all with the other Allies), they behave about as well as occupation troops anywhere. But it would be equally unfair to gloss over their outrages of last year, in explaining why the Viennese today are so "stupidly" anti-Russian.

In a recent Vienna election the Communist vote totaled about four per cent. This drives the Russians wild. What kind of gratitude is that for being liberated by the Red Army? On the other hand it is difficult to foresee just what *won't* drive the Russians wild. They worked themselves into a frenzy when the Austrians decided last summer to nationalize industries. Yet what action of a democratic state could normally be more pleasing to avowed exponents of Marxism?

THE CHIEF TROUBLE in Vienna seems to be that the Russians, even when they're just being friendly, are extremely violent about it. An American civilian in his own jeep was stopped in the Russian Zone by a Soviet soldier waving a tommygun. All the Russian wanted was a can of gasoline to give to an Austrian driver stalled at the roadside. The American had no extra gas, but was saved from trying to explain by the opportune arrival of another car, which the Russian with his tommygun brought to an equally abrupt halt.

As in that instance, the Russians try hard to be helpful in their zone; but their ideas of private property and privacy are primitive. The Reds are the greatest requisitioners of all. Hence an Austrian family living in the Red Zone would envy the privacy of, say, an American department-store window demonstrator. At any moment a Russian is apt to drop in and start counting the beds, the sofas, even the chairs.

"Who sleeps there?" he will ask.

"I do."

"And who there?"

"My husband."

"And who sleeps on that sofa?"

"My brother."

"All right, show me his clothes!"

Now comes a bad moment. If he really does sleep on that sofa every night, then clothes must be shown to prove actual residence. But there's always the chance that the clothes may be so good as to tempt thievery. Yet if subterfuge is resorted to, such as saying he owns only the

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clothes in which he left the house, then the answer is bound to be, "*Da*, I thought so! You have an extra sleeping place here. We will move somebody in tonight!"

And while the days are long since gone when the watch-crazy Russians would pay $500 for practically any watch that ticked (and $1,000 for one with Mickey Mouse on its dial), nevertheless there are times when Russians relieve Austrian civilians of watches without any payment at all. One woman who had her watch thus lifted in the Russian Zone was more shocked by the prompt redress for this violation of current Soviet etiquette than by the violation itself.

An officer who had seen a soldier wresting something from the lady came up and shot the soldier through the head without saying a word. Then, retrieving the watch from the lifeless grasp of his late comrade-in-arms, he proffered it to the lady with a courtly bow. "Your watch, I presume?"

That's how violent the Russians are, even when they are just being friendly. Farther down the Danube, away from Vienna itself, the Russians diminish the dullness of pastoral life by making every morning a Fourth of July. Around dawn it will occur to the Comrades that it would be a fine idea to have some fish, so they heave hand grenades into the river until enough dead fish are thrown up to make the game worth while. Most mornings the unholy din persists for a good hour and a half.

That the Russians can so constantly scare the Viennese out of everything but their wits, which are apparently indestructible, is accounted for partly by the fact that, at least in contrast to the troops of the other armies, the Russians still go around armed to the teeth. Our M.P.'s wear side-arms, but there our show of armed strength ends. For the Russians that is only a beginning — tommyguns, automatic rifles and machine-pistols bristle all over the place—and it is apparently as conventional for their officers to wear revolvers as it is for ours to wear ties.

The Russians don't need these weapons to protect themselves from the spritely Viennese. Presumably they persist in wearing them just to show the Austrians how much tougher they are than the effete troops of the decadent Western Democracies. (They are also a factor not to be forgotten when you read about our boys meekly allowing Russians to take away their jeeps.)

But in spite of all it has suffered in the "peaceful" months since the war ended, Vienna cannot yet be called a dead city. That term must be reserved for such a ghostly place as Frankfurt, which resembles one vast cemetery of shattered monuments and open graves; of living corpses shuffling silently around, waiting—waiting for nothing.

Outside of the Inner City, which was badly damaged by fire and explosion, Vienna was relatively untouched. It is still one of the most beautiful cities in the world. The nights are still filled with bewitching music in three-quarter time. In May the smell of lilacs is as all-pervasive as ever. On midsummer mornings the Wienerwald is still filled with strolling couples, and the sun filtering through the trees

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dapples the paths they walk as enchantingly as ever. And the Danube still gleams and sparkles in the old remembered way—that is, if you disregard its broken bridges.

When you get up on the Kahlenberg and look out over the city from high above, you suddenly feel like singing, be you tone-deaf and a musical dolt. As you look down, humming, your gaze follows the grass of the hills, sloping down and across as lushly green as ever. And you get toying with the thought that grass is the only really immortal thing, outlasting and growing over mangled men and shattered statues and crumbled walls. But then, inevitably, you find yourself thinking about grass as something to eat; about the number of people who could live off all that vegetation; about the time it would take before they starved to death.

Then you abruptly stop humming and decide that you would rather forget it. And soon you find yourself feeling very much as the Viennese feel about Vienna right now—you would like nothing better than to leave it.

But the big, the heart-breakingly big, difference is this: *not* being a Viennese, *you* can.

Around the World

IN SOME INLAND Chinese cities the merchants have to paint NO ENTRANCE on their plate-glass windows to keep unsophisticated country people from trying to walk through the glass.

The railway line coming into Lisbon, Portugal, enters a tunnel at the outskirts of town, and instead of emptying in an underground terminal, ends up in the third story of a loft building, from which you have to take an elevator to descend to the street.

Merchants in many cities of India boast of their failure to obtain college degrees just to let the public know they attended college. A sign in Lahore, for instance, reads: "Mohandas Lal Nawa, rug merchant, failed B.A."

Mississippi is one of the most cosmopolitan states in the Union as regards nomenclature. Just a few of its towns are: Brooklyn, East Side, Michigan City, Paris, Denmark, Rome, Cleveland, Edinburgh, Utica, Hamburg, Sandy Hook and Long Beach.

Middletown, Ohio, was named because it is midway between Cincinnati and Dayton; Middletown, Pennsylvania, from its position midway between Lancaster and Carlisle; and Middletown, New York, because it used to be the halfway house on the Minisink Road to western New York.

One of the least known of American islands is Vieques, 20 miles long and five miles wide, in the Caribbean. There are 10,362 American citizens living on it.

East Chicago isn't in Illinois, East St. Louis isn't in Missouri, West New York isn't in New York, East Greenwich isn't in Connecticut—but then, East London isn't even in England. It's in South Africa. —FRANK E. SHEA

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rin and share it

Edited by IRVING HOFFMAN

A DISTRICT ATTORNEY was having trouble with one of the witnesses, a rather pugnacious old man.

"Are you acquainted with any of the jurymen?" asked the district attorney.

"More than half of them," grunted the witness.

"Are you willing to swear you know more than half of them?"

The old man flicked a glance over the jury box. "If it comes to that," he drawled, "I'm willing to swear I know more than all of them put together."

—*Gluey Gleanings*

THE HOTEL MANAGER walked up to the new guest in the lobby.

"Your room is ready now," he said, "but because of a shortage of help you'll have to make your own bed."

"Oh, I don't mind making my own bed."

"That's fine," said the manager. "Here's a hammer and saw."

A WOMAN VISITOR to the Bronx Zoo kept pestering one of the keepers with questions. Finally his patience gave out.

"Is that hippopotamus a male or female?" came the next question.

"Madam," he replied, "what possible difference could that make to anybody except another hippopotamus?"

IN WASHINGTON a sightseer observed: "A good politician must also be an acrobat."

"How do you figure that?" queried his pal.

"Well," explained the first fellow, "they've got to straddle a fence, keep their fingers on the nation's pulse, point with pride and look to the future while keeping both ears to the ground!"

THE MEMORY EXPERT had been given his turn in the village hall. The audience had not been enthusiastic, and the questions asked at the end of the show really infuriated the man.

When one dear old lady came up and asked him to what he attributed his remarkable memory, he thought it was time to call it a day.

"Well, madam," he explained without a smile, "when I was in the Air Force I once had to make a parachute jump from a height never before attempted. Just as I jumped from the plane, the pilot leaned over the side and yelled: 'Hi, you've forgotten your parachute!' Believe it or not, madam, that taught me a lesson, and I've never forgotten anything since."

—*Tit-Bits*

WHEN SMITH walked into his friend's office he found him sitting at his desk, looking very depressed.

"Hello, old man!" said Smith. "What's up?"

"Oh, just my wife," replied the other sadly. "She's engaged a new secretary for me."

"Well, there's nothing wrong about that. Is she a blonde or a brunette?"

"He's bald."

—*Kablegram*

THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE in a small Southern town had to hear and judge cases that were brought before him, and he also performed occasional marriage ceremonies. This made it difficult for him to dissociate the various functions of his office. During the course of a wedding service one day, he asked the bride: "Do you take this man to be your

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husband?" The bride nodded emphatically. "And you," said the justice, turning to the bridegroom, "what have you to say in your own defense?"

—*Chicago Daily News*

TWO YOUNG WOMEN were discussing church affairs when one remarked, "We certainly have a very small congregation."

"Yes," replied the other, "it's so small that when the minister says, 'Dearly beloved,' I feel like I'm receiving a proposal." —W. C. RICKARD

"YES," SAID THE specialist, as he stood at the bedside of the sick purchasing agent, "I can cure you."

"What will it cost?" asked the sick man faintly.

"Five hundred dollars."

"You'll have to shade your price a little," replied the purchasing agent. "I had a better bid from the undertaker." —STERLING SPARKS

AN OFFICE MANAGER was telling how a girl came in to apply for a job. When asked if she had any particular qualifications or unusual talents, she said she had won several prizes in crossword puzzles and slogan-writing contests. "Sounds good," the manager told her, "but we want somebody who will be smart during office hours." "Oh," ohed the girl, "this *was* during office hours." —Louisville *Courier-Journal*

ONE DAY WHILE in the jungles, a captain of Marines ran into a tribe of cannibals who were getting ready to sit down to their favorite repast. The head of the tribe confided to the captain that he had once attended college in the United States.

"Do you mean to say," asked the amazed Marine, "that you went to college and that you still eat human beings?"

"Oh, yes," replied the chief, "but of course I use a knife and fork now!"

—*Pathfinder*

"HOW OLD ARE you, sonny?" demanded the inquisitive old man of the youngster on the beach.

"Six, sir," came the brisk reply.

"Six!" echoed the old man. "And yet you are not so tall as my umbrella."

The boy drew himself up to his full height. "How old is your umbrella?" he asked. —*American Girl*

A GIRL FROM TEXAS was being prepared for a trip to New York by her mother. Together they had shopped and bought clothes for every possible contingency. New luggage was procured and finally the girl was ready to leave for the station. As she was about to kiss her mother farewell, the mother said:

"Now, dear, don't you mention to the folks in New York that you're from Texas. That would be like talking about money in front of poor people. We mustn't parade our advantages."

—DAN BENNETT

"WOULD YOU MARRY a man for his money?" asked one chorine of her girl friend the other day.

"Not exactly," replied the girl friend. "But I'd want my husband to have a lovely disposition, and if he didn't have money he'd very likely be worried and ill-natured." —*Tit-Bits*

A LIFE INSURANCE AGENT called upon a big business man at the close of a busy day. When the agent had been admitted, the big fellow said:

"You ought to feel highly honored, young man. Do you know that today I have refused to see seven insurance men?"

"I know," said the agent, "I'm them!" —*Penn Mutual News Letter*

Readers are invited to submit material for "Grin and Share It." Coronet will pay up to $100 for suitable stories, upon publication. Address contributions to Filler Editor, Coronet Magazine, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, New York.

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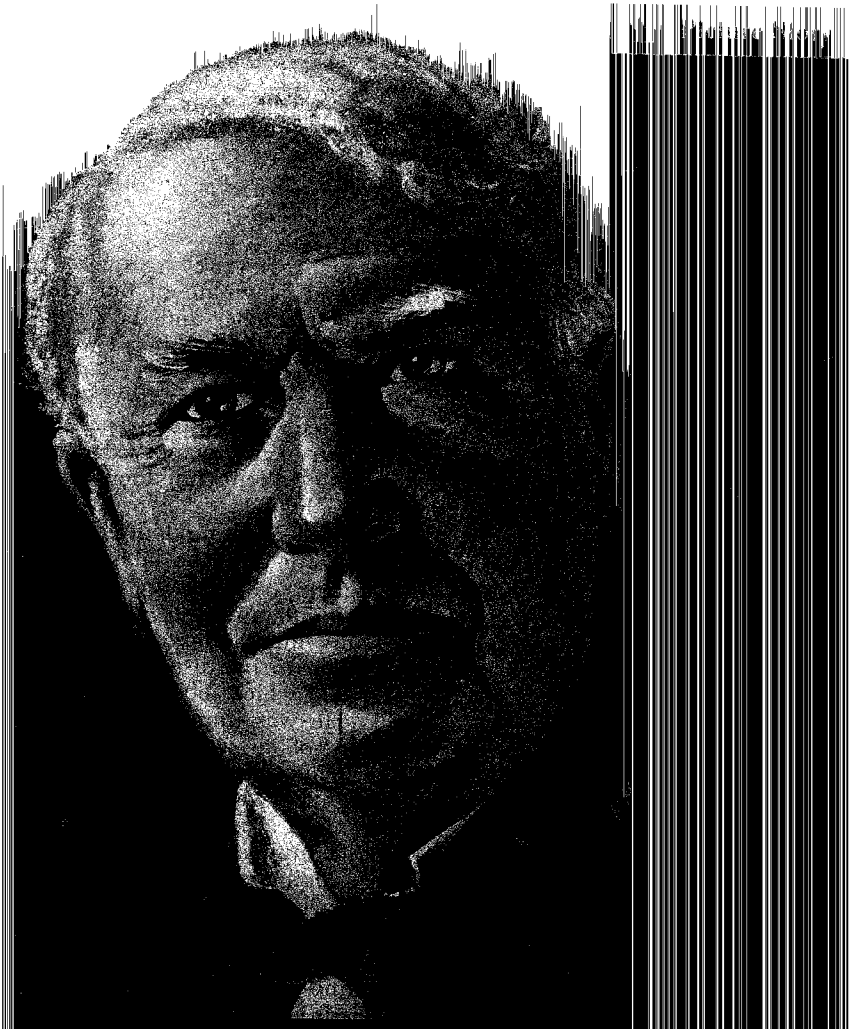

Wizard of Electricity

The Story of Thomas Alva Edison

On the Occasion of the 100th Anniversary of His Birth

Commentary by Charles F. Kettering, Vice President of General Motors.
With an Introduction by Mrs. Thomas Alva Edison

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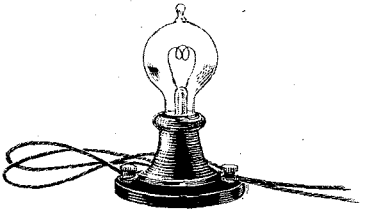
Introduction



by MRS. THOMAS ALVA EDISON

THE ACHIEVEMENTS of my husband possessed a tangibility which, to the world, offered an expansive lapel where the emblem of fame could be pinned. The electric light, the phonograph, the motion picture—these and a hundred other fabulous creations of his mind—were the concrete evidences of his genius and, quite understandably, the focal points of public acclaim.

I am not unmindful of these tangible extensions of his genius, but to me as his wife and most intimate companion for 46 years, they are secondary to his inner qualities. It would be difficult indeed for a woman to revere a man, irrespective of his genius, if, in their daily life together, he were boorish, thoughtless, selfish, or small.

Were I to be asked what, above everything else, impressed me most about my husband, it would be difficult for me to supply the answer. But most certainly the thoughts that would pass through my consideration of such a question would not be those of invention or scientific discovery.

As a husband he was generous, understanding, and possessed of a fine sense of humor. I would think of that. He was tender, thoughtful, and kind. I would think of that, too. As a father, he was not a man of science or industry: he was the friend and playmate of our children, their teacher and their comforter. All of these things I would think of.

But there is one quality which today, fifteen years after his passing, stands out in my memory. He was the most patient impatient man who ever lived.

Possessed of a mind utterly impatient with time, he labored unceasingly to shove more than 60 minutes into an hour, more than 24 hours into a day. Impatience drove him to try to accomplish in a day that which took other men a week. He was impatient that the solution of a scientific problem should elude him for even a week, although he was known to spend months and even years before forcing some mystery of science to yield to his groping intellect.

Yet, with all this driving impatience, he never forgot how to be patient with those with whom he lived and worked, and with those he loved. For me this was his mark of true genius.

I am both proud and humble that the world sees fit to memorialize his achievements as we approach the 100th anniversary of his birth on February 11, 1947. But I shall be remembering him first as a husband and father, and then as a great inventor.

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Thomas Edison's career as one of history's most productive geniuses began under his mother's guidance. Even as a boy he had a broad curiosity, a deep desire to find the answers to the mysteries of science.

At 17, Tom Edison was working as a telegrapher, studying avidly in his spare time. Within six years he invented a stock ticker, sold it for $40,000, and began his fabulous career of scientific achievement.

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'9, only nine years later; the name of Edison became
s with light. On that day the world's first efficient
glowed in his laboratory at Menlo Park, N. J.

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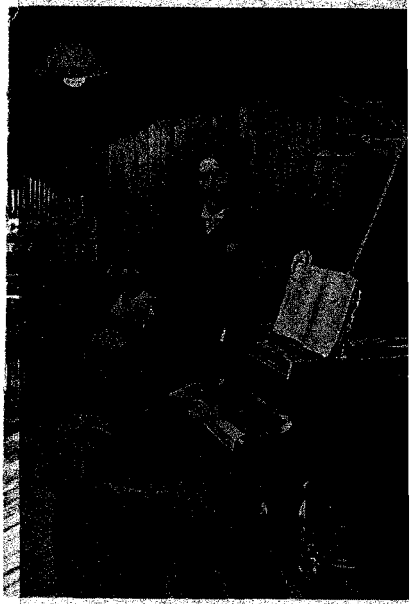
True to his lifelong desire t
science, Edison gave much of
phonograph—constantly impr



When Edison's phonograph w
their fine voices to its yawning
that artists everywhere clamor

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On a spring day in 1880 a strange machine rolled down a length of track near Edison's workshop. Its passengers sat in awed silence, for here was another Edison miracle—America's first electric locomotive.

Edison made the radio tube possible when he found that an adjustment to his light bulb enabled him to control the flow of current. This led to modern radio, radar and countless miracles yet to come.

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A perfectionist who was never defeated, Edison devoted 50,000 experiments to his search for a better storage battery. Yet somehow he found time to invent miniature marvels like gummed tape and wax paper.

When Thomas Edison invented the movie camera in 1889, he linked his first motion pictures to a phonograph, making the first sound movies as well. But not until 1926 did "talkies" appear in Hollywood.

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As America prepared for the first World War, Edison headed and guided the Naval Consulting Board. With this group he invented U-boat detectors and many other devices which contributed to victory.

When the war ended the 71-year-old scientist returned to his own research, working tirelessly until his death on October 18, 1931. For all the world Thomas Alva Edison had opened the gates of science.

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History's Man of Mystery

by HARRY BOTSFORD

Out of the oil fields of Pennsylvania comes this chapter from the life story of a man who remains an American enigma

PEOPLE INSTINCTIVELY liked and respected this handsome man. Of medium height, eyes black and expressive, his hair was always carefully brushed and his black moustache groomed with equal care. It was his full, rich voice, however, that most people remembered. That, and his little acts of kindness.

He came to Franklin, Pennsylvania, in 1864. Franklin, at that time, was an oil boom town, filled with derricks. Fortunes were being made and lost in the proverbial twinkling of an eye. The city was crowded; hotels were filled; the streets were lanes of deep mud, flanked by busy stores built with "false fronts."

The sidewalks were thronged with men in fine broadcloth, oil men spotted with grease, men who strolled along apparently without a care, men weary from long hours

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of hard work. Gamblers, promoters, farmers, supply people, real estate dealers, housewives and sightseers all mingled together.

Down this street strolled the stranger. Men and women of all walks of life turned to look: there was something distinguished about his easy stride and his casual air.

Of one bystander he politely inquired the way to the office of Joseph H. Simonds, real estate dealer and oil producer. Simonds greeted him joyfully. "John, I'm delighted to see you! Have you accepted my invitation to settle down and be an oil man?"

The impressive stranger seated himself easily, lighted a thin brown Havana cigar. "That depends," he said with a smile. "I haven't much money. My profession is not too highly paid. But I have persuaded three friends to invest some money in the oil business, if I approve. Between us we have $5,000. I suppose that seems a pretty small sum to you oil men accustomed to thinking in millions?"

Simonds smiled. "John, not all oil business is conducted in millions. Matter of fact, there have been successful properties developed on very modest sums. Let's get you settled, however, before we start to talk business."

The stranger rented rooms at the home of Mrs. Sarah Webber, who immediately liked his neat, polite and unobtrusive manner. He furnished his rooms with good pieces, hung fine paintings, and received express shipments of good books. His closets were filled with expensive clothing.

In the bustle of new developments, scant attention was paid to the formation of a modest new oil concern, the Dramatic Oil Company. Head of the venture was the stranger. Simonds was one of the partners. The new company purchased land close to town and fronting on the Allegheny River. Their first well started to produce 20 barrels a day. Two additional wells were drilled with equal success. Oil was selling at $9.87 a barrel, and 60 barrels a day meant a gross income of about $600.

BY NOW THE STRANGER was no longer a stranger. He paid his bills promptly, treated his employees generously, showed a genuine interest in his business. Socially, he was always in demand. He had suave manners seldom encountered in the oil fields; was a good conversationalist, a fine dancer. With older women, with elderly men, he had a way that was both courteous and deferential.

When persuaded, he would recite, however reluctantly, extracts from plays. His voice was moving and impressive as he recreated a character from the stage. Once he was launched into a characterization, he seemed to enjoy himself tremendously and accepted the applause of his friends calmly.

Once a group of men friends were gathered in his rooms at the Webber home. It was a stag party; the room was filled with cheerful conversation and smoke from fragrant Havanas. Somehow the talk turned to religion, even while they avoided the two subjects which they knew their host never discussed—the Civil War then in progress, and politics.

Someone asked the host about

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his religious beliefs. "I have no settled beliefs," he admitted frankly. "Sometimes I suspect I am an unbeliever. Yet there is one part of the Bible that has always impressed me tremendously with its dignity, appeal, honesty and promise."

Standing in a corner, as though to separate himself from the others, he recited "The Sermon on the Mount." Never from any pulpit had any member of the small audience heard it delivered with so much feeling, with greater solemnity, power and expression. He concluded in a voice that shook with emotion.

"But he that heareth, and doeth not, is like a man that without a foundation built an house upon the earth; against which the stream did beat vehemently, and immediately it fell; and the ruin of that house was great."

In less than a year, the members of the group were to recall the majesty of the voice and the message it delivered; and the final passage then took on a new and dramatic finality: "and the ruin of that house was great."

At times he left Franklin for a few days, always returning in good spirits. Yet there were times when the man was moody, when he walked unseeing through the streets; nights when Mrs. Webber heard him pacing ceaselessly up and down his rooms.

He was a great walker. With a friend, Bob Brigham, he tramped the hills and valleys around Franklin until miles and miles of the lush terrain became familiar ground to these boon companions. They were interested in common things: poetry, the stage, literature.

HE HAD A TEMPER, this strange man, a violent one when it was aroused. He soundly thrashed a husky teamster who was cruelly beating a horse. The teamster weighed 50 pounds more than his slender opponent, but he couldn't box and was savagely mauled by the taunting, smiling avenger. It was not a nice exhibition, but the crowd which witnessed the fight agreed that the teamster was badly in need of a beating.

Children adored him. Little Joe Watson, son of a neighbor of Mrs. Webber's, was one of his favorites. Every morning the lad waited for a familiar whistle. It was a signal his friend was coming, and he would rush out and meet him. Always there was a romp and always a story to be told.

The handsome man would sit on the steps with little Joe on his lap and spin wondrous tales that entranced the child. The man delighted in his audience, changed his voice to fit the roles of animals, and made every tale sound real. When he returned to town after his various trips, he always brought a present for Joe. Their daily meet-

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Harry Botsford was born and raised in the oil fields of rural Pennsylvania. He recalls climbing an oil derrick at the age of four while his mother waited below with a slipper in her hand and a prayer on her lips. Like his father before him, he became an oil field worker and eventually rose to superintendent. Now on the staff of a large public relations firm, Botsford has written about the oil industry for many national magazines. This article is taken from his book, *The Valley of Oil*, published at $3 by Hastings House, New York, N. Y.

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ing became a ritual welcomed by both—a gay, cheerful interlude of a sunny morning.

The handsome story-teller had many friends among prominent oil men. Women, too, were attracted to him, yet he showed no evidence of favoring one above the others, giving to each the same respectful, courteous, impersonal attention.

Some say he left the rooms in Mrs. Webber's house in October, 1864. Others swore on the Book that he was there early in April, 1865, among these being Mrs. Webber and several of his intimate friends.

He was cheerful and polite as always when he came downstairs carrying a small bag and informed Mrs. Webber that he would be away for a few days. His affairs were prosperous: his bank balance was substantial; he had several business deals on the fire. He was cheerful as he boarded the train.

On the night of April 14,1865, the town of Franklin, and the rest of the world, was shocked and stunned at the news that President Lincoln had been shot by John Wilkes Booth.

Friends in Franklin said it was simply incredible and impossible that John Wilkes Booth, gentleman and oil producer, could be the killer. Yet it was the man from Franklin who had fired the fatal shot. But why, no one could explain.

What happened to the mind of John Wilkes Booth in the year he spent in Franklin, no one will ever know. Comb all the evidence given by friends and associates and you are unable to produce any evidence that Booth planned or plotted a murder. True, he refused to discuss the war; true, he detested political arguments. But many others also found these highly controversial subjects distasteful.

According to the testimony of those who knew him best, he lived a normal, cheerful life. And they point to the fact that he had new ventures started as evidence that the assassination was no planned or premeditated act.

The enigma of John Wilkes Booth will always remain an enigma. He is reported to have said as he lay dying, "I did what I thought best." But neither the world nor the people in Franklin ever did—or ever will—understand him.

Contact!

FUNERAL SERVICES were being conducted for a woman who had been thoroughly disliked in her rural community—and for cause. With a sharply barbed tongue and a violent explosive disposition she henpecked her husband, drove her children mercilessly and quarreled with her neighbors. Even the animals on her place wore a hunted look.

The day was sultry and as the minister's voice droned on, the sky grew darker and darker. Just as the service ended the storm broke furiously. There was a blinding flash followed by a terrific clap of thunder. In the stunned silence that followed a voice was heard to say:

"Waal, she's GOT there!"

—DAN BENNETT

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Confessions of a Second-story Man

ANONYMOUS

In this frank article, a reformed burglar reveals the secrets of his trade and gives householders some invaluable suggestions for the protection of their homes. Here are the facts about the carelessness that invites burglary and the simple precautions that will prevent it. The article was submitted to Coronet by a well-known writer who befriended the author on his release from prison. For obvious reasons, he refuses to reveal the author's identity but vouches for the authenticity of his material. —THE EDITORS

I TOOK UP BURGLARY as a career at the age of 55 and practiced it successfully for five years. I was competent and skillful at my work, outwitting the police and scores of householders. I made my money by selling the loot I stole. I thought my luck would go on forever, but it didn't. I was caught and served six years in prison.

While in prison I had plenty of time for reflection, and one of the things I thought most about was the curious fact that householders are careless and ignorant of how to protect themselves against burglars. But because I say this, don't assume I am undercutting my brother burglars or knifing the profession in the back. With one exception, I have never associated with thieves or other criminals, save in prison, so I have no feeling of fraternity for practicing crooks.

During my criminal career I was a lone wolf, as are most successful burglars. I owe nothing to others who, like me, have violated the law in one way or another. As I look back on it, my career as a thief seems to be some sort of mental aberration or nightmare, for way down deep I know I don't belong to burglary. Primarily I think of myself as a householder, the very opposite of a criminal.

One reason I want to tell my story is that boys in their teens and early 20s do a lot of amateur housebreaking. They find it easy, and get ideas which turn them into confirmed criminals and land them in prison. Often they are aided at the start by a careless householder who virtually invites them to steal. If I could save any of these boys I would. Perhaps my story will do just that.

The cartoonist's idea of a burglar, with clipped bullet-head, jutting jaw and a bagful of loot, always made me smile. I am small and harmless looking, almost non-de-

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script. With my full shock of gray hair, people say I look like the typical doctor or college professor. In fact, I have always been able to make friends quickly with policemen and night watchmen.

My career of crime started this way. My business had been one which was wholly legitimate but which had its element of illegitimate "camp followers." They trailed along behind and were never recognized officially, but I learned to know them and their methods. They included pickpockets, confidence men, gamblers and burglars. The burglars were always the aristocrats of the lot.

Hence, when my legitimate business failed and I went broke, I turned to burglary, thinking it would be only "for a time or two." But I was so successful at it that I didn't consider stopping until the police stepped in.

During my five years as a thief I learned a lot about burglary. Now I would like to pass my secrets on to the householder. If he will take the precautions that I suggest, I am sure the rate of successful burglary will take a big drop all over the country.

Where you hide your door key when you are away doesn't make any difference to the professional burglar, for he pays no attention to such trifles as door keys. But if you hide your key in the obvious places, such as under the mat or on a nail out of sight, you encourage entry by "casuals"—the term which professional burglars apply to amateurs, especially young ones.

Lock your doors and windows. Of course the experienced burglar doesn't bother about locks, for a jimmy easily pulls the screws out of any lock or door hinge. But the boy who is starting in the profession finds unlocked windows and doors an invitation. He succumbs, and thus takes a long step on the road to prison. So lock up well, protecting yourself against the amateurs—and the amateurs against themselves.

Don't scribble a note to the milkman saying you will be away until next Tuesday. This is an obvious help to any burglar, for the square of white paper, stuck into the neck of a bottle, advertises to everybody that the house is vacant. And disconnect your doorbell if you are going away for a spell. The burglar who wants to know if anybody is at home sticks a pin in the doorbell to make it ring until the battery burns out. Watching from a distance, he knows there's nobody home. (I've taken advantage of this trick many a time.)

When you depart on a summer vacation and close all windows and pull down the shades, every passerby knows the home is unoccupied. No one would live in a dark, unventilated house in hot weather. People have often been told this, but many never seem to remember it.

The bathroom light used to be a favorite dodge of housewives for scaring burglars. But the trouble is that some people, when they go away for days at a time, leave the bathroom light on, and a burglar, seeing it in the daytime, knows it is just a blind. (A good burglar always "cases" a house in advance, weighing all angles of the job he intends to pull in a night or two.)

Burglar alarms, with the windows wired to set off bells either on

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the premises or in a central private-patrol headquarters, are a deterrent but not a preventive. An amateur burglar may be caught, but a professional knows how to inspect windows or doors before tampering with them, and to short-circuit the current without sounding an alarm.

Night watchmen sometimes put pebbles on window sills, then shine their flashlights on them when they make their rounds. So long as the pebbles are undisturbed, they know the house has not been entered. But on several occasions I have spotted the pebbles, entered the house, replaced the pebbles and gone about my work without disturbance.

Policemen patrolling in cars are no problem to the experienced burglar. Many times I have hidden in shadow and watched them drive past. Foot patrolmen, either the police or private guards employed by householders, are far more dangerous to the burglar. They walk their beats, watching for little signs. Although I have often outwitted these men in the dark, I still have great respect for them.

People hide their valuables in obvious places. Usually the jewelry and other worth-while stuff is locked in drawers. If people keep trunks in the attic and leave all unlocked except one, it is a sure sign to the burglar that this one contains the choice loot.

Most burglars don't like dogs, especially little dogs that bark. But dogs don't bother me. I have always been a dog lover and somehow dogs like me. In all my career of housebreaking, I never had an unpleasant experience with a dog.

The society page often gives news of people leaving town, especially in the smaller cities. I have always been a careful reader of the society pages in these towns, for I found them very helpful in my trade.

The use of a gun against a burglar is a subject of much talk among householders. I know, because when I was one of them (a householder) I often engaged in big talk about what I would do if confronted by a prowler. Now that I have been a thief, I have no definite advice to offer. Sometimes a burglar is dangerous to human life, sometimes he isn't. My theory is that more often he isn't.

The average burglar is more afraid of you than you are of him. He has his freedom to lose, you have only silverware or jewelry at stake. He is probably much more anxious to get out of trouble than you are to catch him. Hence he will flee if you let him.

You have a perfect right to shoot, but just remember he's awfully anxious to get away. I never carried a gun. I don't believe in shooting. My distaste for guns prolonged my burglary career, but it saved me from ending up in the electric chair. As far as I'm concerned the burglar who carries a gun is a fool.

Liquor is seldom a factor to professional burglars. As a thief I could never afford to have my mind clouded. And I could never afford to drink after the job was done, for it would have loosened my tongue, and a loose tongue often gets men into trouble.

Seldom have I been frightened while looting a house. I always figured I knew more about my particular business than my customer did. I was in better position than he to anticipate the psychological

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shock of discovery. The one exception was the time I tiptoed down a hall, turned a corner and came smack up against a man glaring at me. It was a mirror, the man was me, but it took me two days to get over it.

IN BETWEEN JOBS, I always stayed at good hotels, for the guests there are seldom suspected of being criminals. I never robbed a hotel, an employer, a poor man or a friend. This may be called a personal scruple—or a practical policy. As for the hotel, I always wanted to be in position to come back. As for the employer, I figured that I owed him faithfulness. (Most of my life I had been an employer.) A poor man I always regarded as someone to be protected. I once broke into the house of a friend by mistake. When I discovered my error I backed out quickly.

For several reasons I was a lone wolf. The first partner I had in housebreaking was a man who could be relied upon to stumble over every piece of furniture. He wanted to shoot every cop that came along: he wanted to work without gloves (which I never did). I got him a good job as a machinist, for which he was fitted, and never had another partner. Police operate a stool-pigeon system, and if you don't have a partner who can talk, or associates who know what you are doing, you are in the least possible danger.

I usually spent the night in my victim's house. I preferred vacation jobs, when the people were away and it was safe to hang around inside until morning. Then you could walk down the street with a suitcase, which the victim provided, and pretend you were on your way to a morning train. (Once a police car gave me and my suitcase a lift at 5:30 A.M. when I said I was going to a bus station.)

Disposing of stolen stuff is always a problem. I was successful at this because I had been a businessman and knew what prices to ask. I never patronized a fence if I could avoid it, for fences are crooks and I didn't want to get mixed up with the criminal element.

I went to reputable merchants of precious metals and jewels in big cities. I shopped around to find the best prices. Most burglars don't do this—because most burglars are not good businessmen. But the cash I received for stolen goods during my five-year career didn't stick with me, and it doesn't stick with any other burglar I ever heard of.

I was finally caught by the police after they had been called by a neighbor who saw me getting ready to climb into a window. The window was in the shadow but my silhouette showed against a street light a block away. The neighbor was waiting up in a darkened house, watching for his teen-age son to come home. Previously I had thought I could avoid all possible contingencies, but I had not figured on neighbors with gadabout sons.

A prison is not a very nice place. The inmates are of all grades of intelligence and morality, with the lowest tending to drag down the highest. Prison did not do me as much harm as others because I was older and less impressionable, but while in prison I saw many young men being transformed into permanent criminals by their hardened associates.

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The life of burglary between the ages of 55 and 60 was a hard strain on my heart. I didn't think so then: I thought I was having a fine time. But later I found I had shortened my life perhaps 10 years by the constant necessity of being alert. It wasn't worth it. I now have only a few years left in which to live and to redeem myself with my family and with society.

When I was growing up I had too much money—from a wealthy father. When I got into legitimate business for myself, I was making money hand-over-fist by the time I was 30. Looking back, I realize I didn't have a sense of real values in life. I had merely money values. When I reached 55, I probably was materialistic in my thinking, and the step to burglary was a product of that thinking.

At the time I thought I was smart, but now I see I was dull and shortsighted. I could have been somebody, but now I am worse than nobody. I cannot get a decent job, for I always insist on telling my prospective employer about my past. But the thing that hurts most is the recollection of how stupid an intelligent person can be when he thinks he can beat the laws of life—either man-made or God-made laws.

Coronet's 10th Anniversary-Year Filmstrip Series

THOUSANDS of enthusiastic subscribers are enjoying Coronet's 1946-47 educational filmstrip "double-feature"! For the fourth successful year, the eight significant documentary Picture Story selections in Coronet Magazine, from October 1946 through May 1947, will be presented on 35mm. filmstrips.

And in addition this year, they will be accompanied by an important new series of eight filmstrips, prepared in cooperation with the National Safety Council . . . educating in fundamental safety-prevention, through authoritative films on safety in the home, bicycle safety, traffic safety, and fire prevention.

Coronet's entire series of 16 filmstrips is available to schools, churches, and other group subscribers at the remarkably low cost of $12 . . . 16 filmstrips for the usual price of 6!

You can still enter your subscription to the 1946-47 series . . . and receive all the filmstrips already released. Simply send your order to the Society for Visual Education, Inc., 100 East Ohio Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. For further information on any of Coronet's Educational Services write to: Educational Department, Coronet Magazine, 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

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I Like the Old-Fashioned Sunday

by CHANNING POLLOCK

For almost half a century, Channing Pollock was an important figure in American letters. Perhaps best known for his play, *The Fool*, he was successful in many fields: as a newspaperman, critic, dramatist, novelist and lecturer. In this article, written shortly before his death last August, he recalls with nostalgia a slower and quieter era in American life. Coronet dedicates *I Like the Old-Fashioned Sunday* to the author, who consistently used his talents to bring inspiration to others. —THE EDITORS

ON A RECENT SUNDAY evening I walked through Times Square in New York. My first impression was that I had blundered into a riot or a returning hero. Some 100,000 New Yorkers were going to restaurants, movies, theaters, pinball parlors or merely pushing and shoving and elbowing up and down Broadway.

I grudge no man the right to enjoy himself, but taking refuge in a side street, I found myself nostalgically recalling some old-fashioned Sabbaths. In my youth the day was primarily one for rest; a day to sleep late, to go to church, to stroll with one's family, to have one's friends for "Sunday dinner."

Dinner might be a mid-day meal or one in the evening, but at either the table groaned and there was so much gay chatter that father could hardly be heard when he asked, "White meat or dark?" or "Can't I give you another helping of roast beef?"

Many years later, when I worked on a newspaper in Washington, D. C., I added luster to the Sunday holiday by falling in love. The subject of my devotion was the sister of a fellow-reporter. They lived in Mount Pleasant, a long walk from my abode and one in which I could indulge only on this day.

Regularly we two went to church together—and strolled back to her home where we sat in the "parlor" and discussed books. The lady married a better man, and now resides in Texas, but there is no question that whatever knowledge of literature I possess was grounded on those Sundays.

When Ann asked, "What did you read last week?" I shouldn't have dared answer, "Nothing." Her contempt of the trivial and worthless was a major influence in my life. Moreover, Ann's family did not lounge about on Sunday mornings in a room littered with "comics."

Of course there were drawbacks to those old-fashioned Sundays. Any "modern" would be appalled at the things that couldn't be done on the Seventh Day. I knew one girl in Washington who was forbidden to use the street cars on Sundays. Many communities had "blue laws" banning the sale of

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newspapers and pretty much everything else except going to church. Yet those people who *had* homes and families wanted very little that was affected by "blue laws."

Throughout the country, I think that remains largely true. "The Sabbath was made for man," and six days of hurrying into clothes in morning gloom, gulping coffee and rushing off to battle leaves one eager for an interlude of leisure in which to get acquainted with one's brood. Few of us have much opportunity for this association on weekdays. We are like the journalist whose young son asked: "Who is that strange man who comes here and whips me on Sundays?"

On the Sabbath, I suspect, most of America sleeps late. Then, in pajamas and negligees, it indulges in a special breakfast. Afterwards it goes to church, or doesn't, and reads the newspapers and tackles the dozen odd jobs that are always left for Sunday—such as washing stockings and clearing up that cluttered storeroom.

In New York, if Broadway is thronged from early afternoon, you should see the parks and Riverside Drive. Every bench is crowded with people reading, gossiping or looking after children. People still dine with one another in the evening, though of course there has been a sad suspension of roast beef.

However, for a considerable number of our citizens, Sunday began being another kind of day long before World War II. No doubt the change came with the advent of the automobile. If it was true that people active six days of the week longed for tranquillity on the seventh, it was equally true that those "cooped up all week" wanted to "go places." Soon it didn't seem to matter much where we went, or what we saw or did.

Some of us went to golf clubs or the beaches, but more to hot-dog stands and crowded highways where we never got out of line, where we ate bad and expensive meals in roadhouses, where we saw little but the license-plate ahead or heard little but the impact of bumpers. And many of us are still doing it, every Sunday.

But for those who set the day apart as a time for rest and contact with God and one's family and fellow man, it's a grand day, full of happiness and memories. I surprise myself with the little things I recall of my Sundays. That was always the day when we froze our own ice cream; at 60, I was still turning the crank, and being rewarded by permission to lick the dasher. For 40 of my years, it has been the day of a *whole* afternoon on the beach in summer, and of an evening at home, with my family or with my

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family and a few friends, in town.

I should think it too bad if Sunday became universally a day of excitements. Our lives have become so hectic and complicated that we urgently need occasional simplicity and warmth and peace. Devoting our Sundays to movies and roadhouses would make it seem as if we were working six days in a boiler-factory and spending the seventh beneath the guns of a battleship.

Our tired minds and bodies need rest, our frayed nerves need quiet, our starved hearts and souls need contact with those we love. We need, in the words of the poet, a space "to sun our souls and grow." As during those six days in a boiler-factory, without some kind of punctuation in the hurried sentences of modern life, we must be unaware of many things that are vastly and truly important.

It's in the Heart

THE YOUNG SOLDIER was one of the more badly wounded in the ward. But he was trying his best to be hopeful.

"I'll be able to walk all right," he assured me, "as soon as they get me fixed up with new legs."

"What do you want to do when you get out?" I asked him.

"We've got a garage and taxi business at home," he said. "I like cars. I always figured to stick right there and carry on the business. Dad's getting along in years."

"Then you're all set," I said.

"Well. . . ." For the first time a note of doubt crept into his voice. "My father's talking of selling out. He doesn't think I'll be able to get around well enough."

A picture came to my mind—a picture from the past. I decided to tell him about it.

"In 1932," I said, "I had an appointment to interview a man for an article about him. We talked in his study, and then he offered to show me how he was operating his place as a tree farm.

"I went outside to wait, while he finished up some work at his desk. A little open car was in the driveway at the front door.

"After a few minutes, my host appeared in a wheel chair. Two husky men picked him up bodily, lifted him down the steps and into the driver's seat of the car. I got in beside him and we drove off. He had attachments on the car which made it possible for him to manage it entirely with his hands. He drove along as if manipulating that machine were the most natural thing in the world.

"He was exuberant about his crop of Christmas trees, his stand of oak, his seedlings. When I had seen it all, we drove back to the house. The two men lifted him out of the car and into the wheel chair, and he went back to his desk.

"You might like to tell your father about it," I said to the soldier, "if he's afraid you won't be able to run that garage. Because that man held down the biggest job in this country."

"The President?" said the soldier.

"Yes, the President."

—ARTHUR BARTLETT.

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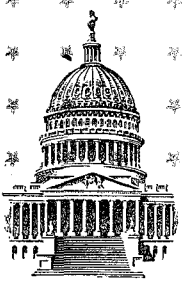
The U. S. Capitol



Magnet for Americans

by SCOTT HART

Under its majestic Dome, the glory of America's past and present flows by in an endless pageant of history

THE OFFICER OF THE United States Capitol guard force says: "You just can't tell how many they are, but since the war the tourists are coming more and more all the time."

They began coming back to the Capitol last spring, first in driblets, then increasingly until they became a procession, a procession with the broad mass face of America—the Nebraska farmer, the New England shopkeeper, the shuffling Southerner, the city people from all over, a vast fanning kite-tail moving on Washington and the Capitol out of the human currents of curiosity and the urges of pilgrim reverence.

The Capitol has always attracted America's people, leaving with them strange impressions that sometimes last a lifetime. In February, 1865, an official delegation of Confederates and Federals conferred on shipboard in Hampton Roads, hoping to end the Civil War. In the middle of the talk and the frightening urgencies, a Virginian and former U. S. Senator turned to a member of Lincoln's Cabinet and asked: "How is the Capitol? Is it finished?"

Years later a Midwestern farmer and his wife stood awed by the immensity of the Rotunda, looked up 183 feet to the domed copper ceiling and, picturing it as a barn on their place back home, wondered how long it would take to grow enough hay to fill it. One girl would not believe, even after being shown, that there was not a likeness of Jesus inlaid on one of the floors. An astounding number of visitors think that the Capitol and the White House are the same place, ask to see President Truman's room and go away baffled by unexpected complexities. Still other visitors depart remembering no particular things at all.

These last have only a jig-saw pattern of impressions, threaded with thoughts of confused architecture, of art, of famous old faces on drying canvas, of multitudinous statues, of fleeting countenances they have seen in newspapers, of interminable corridors and tired feet, the bellicose shouts on the legislative floors and the strange disturbing tale of a phantom black

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cat that is said to roam among the statues at night whenever the nation is in distress.

It is all like a museum, full of curiosities beyond remembering. But museums invariably suggest the dead past, while here are past and present, combined in an enduring process made vital by living men under the influence of ancient mandates. Visitors sense the immediate injunction from the nearly century-old Statue of Freedom on the Dome.

WHEN THE CAPITOL was rising on the Hill, men shot pheasants a few hundred yards away. The city, the planners had thought, would stretch to the east where the land was firm and high. Westerly, off the Hill, the terrain dropped sharply and the slightest rains aggravated what normally was almost a marsh.

With the age-old awareness of the real estate man, speculators from neighboring states, some of whom were accused of working in the interest of foreign groups, scanned the situation; they saw the Capitol of a new country facing the east and the strong firm land, pounced in and bought it up. The price of an acre shot up beyond average reach—and defiantly the Americans turned their new city westward, down the Hill into the swampy bottom lands with the face of their Capitol turned from it.

The Capitol rose, stone by stone. When the foundations stood like a long low breastwork on the Hill, George Washington and his fellow Freemasons from Georgetown to the west, and from Alexandria to the south, came in one morning and laid the cornerstone. Across Washington's waist was the white apron of the Masons, hand-embroidered by Mme. Lafayette.

Many of the lawmakers lived in old Georgetown, some three miles from the Capitol, and they went to work, frequently after lively sessions in the old Union Tavern, by horseback or in carriages down muddy thoroughfares. Some of them boasted two wigs. One would be in use while the second was in the Capitol barber shop for a thorough cleaning and combing.

They ordered their scissors, penknives, stationery and such equipment from Northern manufacturers and got it at cost. Also "at cost" and allocated under "contingent expenses of Congress" were vast quantities of "sirup," which many outside citizens claimed had a strongly intoxicating effect, and which indeed was French brandy, Holland gin and Jamaica rum.

They also had a commendable facility for tackling a problem, leaping upon it like bulldogs, dissecting it like a surgeon—and getting through with it in a hurry. They worked on an average from noon to 3 P.M. Sometimes they adjourned from Thursday to Monday.

Then came a day in August, 1814, when flames ate at the pitch-pine boardings of the Capitol and raised a pillar of smoke above the small clusters of near-by buildings. British troops, landed from men-of-war in Chesapeake Bay, had just strode in stiff columns up the Hill to the very seat and heart of their enemy. Shortly before the flames roared up, Admiral Cockburn strode into the House of Representatives, ascended to the Speaker's chair and yelled "Attention" to his soldiers.

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"Shall this harbor of Yankee democracy be burned?" he shouted. "All for it will say Aye. Contrary opinion, No."

There came a clamorous affirmation from the enemy troops and the fires were lighted. Yet the Americans' anger flamed like the building they had lost and soon they chased off the British and began rebuilding.

The faces of great men appeared in the halls—Webster, Calhoun, Clay, Benton, Pinckney, Preston—and some of their voices shook the tradition-fixed minds of many men and their philosophies shaped a century of thought. Then they passed along and the Civil War came and Abraham Lincoln brooded over the wounded soldiers hospitalized in the Capitol. Before they were gone the guns to the east fired a salute one day, were joined by guns from forts ringing the city. The war was over. And the Statue of Freedom, erected in 1863, took on new meaning.

STATUE OF FREEDOM

Most everyone calls it a goddess and some believe it to be an Indian because of the feathered headdress. From the ground it vaguely resembles an Indian or a great hulk of womankind sprouting feathers. Its intricate detail is more obscure; but she has flowing draperies, her right hand rests upon the hilt of a sheathed sword, her left hand holds a wreath and grasps a shield. At the statue's waist a brooch bears the letters "U. S.," and this holds the draperies properly in their place.

The head is covered by a helmet encircled with stars surmounted by a crest composed of an eagle's head and a bold arrangement of feathers. Protecting her against lightning are ten bronze points tipped with platinum, one on the head, six on the feathers, one on each shoulder and one on the shield. Jefferson Davis, as Secretary of War, in 1856 suggested that the statue's liberty cap be eliminated as "inappropriate to a people who were born free and would not be enslaved." The sculptor, Thomas Crawford, in his Rome studio, obligingly substituted the crested helmet—a more pagan inspiration.

As the bark *Emily Taylor* moved in 1858 toward America with the plaster model of the statue, the ocean beat against her sides. The bark sprang a leak and fled to Bermuda; the seamen in desperation threw overboard nearly everything except themselves and the statue.

When she reached port it was into the greater tempest of approaching Civil War. But America clung to her, for she was something to take hold of in the uncertainties and turmoil. As all great symbols are raised, block upon block, men with convictions raised her piece by piece, 14,985 pounds in all, to the top of the Dome. Finally, on December 2, 1863, the head and shoulders were fastened down.

A flag went up and a stand of

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guns to the east of the Capitol roared a salute; from the forts ringing Washington the greatest guns they had were fired and smoke faded beyond the trees. From the ground below the statue came whoops and yells. That night she stood, tallest thing on all the landscape, like a beautiful dim woman come down from the stars.

VISITORS BY THOUSANDS have wondered and sometimes tried to arbitrate the controversy over what meaning lies in another Capitol statue, raised to the embattled lives of three famous women—Lucretia Mott, Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton, all suffragettes. The statue, in the center of a great room supported by depressing gray columns, is startling in its contours and instantly perplexing in what it is driving at. You see only three heads thrust upward from a heavy oblong base.

EMBATTLED WOMEN

One school of opinion, speaking from the more flexible esthetic levels, contends that the three are sitting for proper reasons of ablution in a bathtub. This, it is claimed, is undeniable because the upheaving stone suggests nothing but splashing water and the ripply films of soap.

Another level of opinion, however, as vehemently submits that the three are in a boat, that the upheaving stone is water and that the boat is leaking badly and thus accounts for only the heads and shoulders being in evidence. But millions of others have accepted the statue as something undoubtedly sublime. Didn't a sculptor conceive it and doesn't it have the importance of a place in the Capitol of the United States? It must be good.

Many bend down and finger an aging, dust-covered wreath against the statue's base. It is tied with a fading red, white and blue ribbon. Gold lettering says: "From the Women's Single Tax Club."

The chiseled faces of nearly two-score Americans are viewed in Statuary Hall every year by countless thousands of unknown eyes. The statues are the great men from the States, and the States contributed them to the Hall so that men from other States would look upon the heroes and the States would thus catch reflection of the great men's glory. It is all a matter of pride.

Yet lost in the Hall is the greatness of many old voices which spoke there when the room was occupied by the House of Representatives from 1807 to 1857. It is and was a heavy, austere room of massive grayness, modeled after the theaters of ancient Greece. The fierce, biting John Randolph of Roanoke looked on it for the first time and said: "It is handsome and fit for anything but the use intended."

Sometimes ladies wandered down to the floor and sat with the lawmakers. Sometimes people on the crowded floor got hungry and, unable to pass through the jam, had food handed to them from the gal-

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lery on long poles. Once, amidst the heated Missouri Compromise debate, old John Randolph's eyes roamed on the faces of many women in the balcony.

"Mr. Speaker," he cried, "what, pray, are all these women doing here, so out of place in this arena? Sir, they had much better be at home attending to their knitting."

In this hall John Quincy Adams of Massachusetts was stricken with paralysis and a metal plate today marks where he fell. There, also, the biting Henry Clay first gave prestige to the role of Speaker, and welcomed Lafayette as the nation's guest.

Then change passed over the Capitol; the House moved to other quarters. And for eight years the scene of great speeches became a hangout for hucksters and other random merchants. They sold apples, gingerbread, sweetmeats and soft drinks, and the floor became littered and dirty. Someone finally remembered the Great Hours of the room, protested its desecration, and the small merchants were chased out.

BRONZE AND MARBLE MEN

The Great Hours would be immortalized by an invitation to each State to send in two statues of its great men to form a Statuary Hall. Today the guides point to the spot where Clay sat, where Randolph spoke, and recall a strange quirk of acoustics in the room. A whisper, given on one precise spot, carries to another unfailingly. For many years it mystified the lawmakers who wondered how their low-whispered secrets had gotten out. Today the tourists try it, whispering to one another. And once a year workmen bring buckets and wash the faces and ears of the bronze and marble men.

COUNTLESS MILLIONS of people, in from the far lanes of America, have caught their breaths after the first step into the Rotunda. They had received postcards from friends who were there before and had looked on the pictured Dome and figured it must be round and pretty and something very meaningful to America. The vastness of it now, however, won't let them loose. They look up, marveling at the height and the exquisite proportions, and at the extreme and distant quietudes it seems to embrace.

Light streams in the windows, high up, and must have played years past upon the bodies, lying-in-state, of Presidents Lincoln, Garfield, McKinley, Taft, Harding. Here, too, they brought the bodies of the Unknown Soldier and of Pierre L'Enfant, who planned the Capital City. Once a poor shot fired a pistol from eight feet at President Andrew Jackson as he stood in the Rotunda near the bier of a dead Congressman. Jackson, the fierce frontiersman, was about to administer the would-be killer a caning but somebody else got there first and felled him with a blow.

The Rotunda has known the up-

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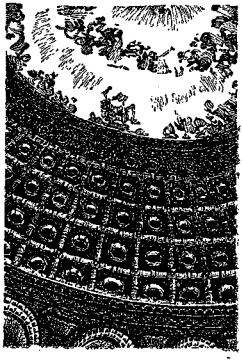
roars of 1820 when commercial gentlemen, "the representatives of manufacturers," held "exhibits" of their wares under the Dome. As had occurred in Statuary Hall, there were wild sales in the Rotunda of "stoves, stew pans, pianos, mouse traps and watch ribbons," flung against "a Panorama of Paris, Admission 50 cents"—and all not 500 yards from where Daniel Webster thundered on the tariff and for Union Forever.

Along the walls now are statues of Washington, Hamilton, the Borglum head of Lincoln, minus a left ear, of Andrew Jackson and Lafayette. Paintings, each like a colored chunk of American history, are on the walls. The artist, Brumidi, executed a frieze for the Rotunda; it stands nine feet high and 300 feet in circumference. But after completing seven of the projected nine panels, including "The Landing of Columbus" and "Pocahontas Saving the Life of Captain John Smith," he fell off the scaffold in 1880, concluding his career as a Rotunda artist.



THE ROTUNDA

Thereupon one Filipo Costaggini was employed to complete the work and conceived the crowding of nine of Brumidi's sketches into seven panels in order to accommodate two scenes he had gratuitously thought up for himself. Amid controversies, the work was never completed.

Over the door hangs a flaming painting of some Indians in combat, being badly handled by the white men. Once a delegation of Winnebago Indians was brought to Washington for their first visit to a Big White Settlement. Escorted ceremoniously into the Rotunda, their eyes suddenly picked out the picture and they ran whooping from the place.

Hidden away in the Capitol is a shadowy vault which would have held the remains of George Washington had not his once-expressed view on the subject come up like a shout to stop the plan.

From the very start, he was a moving spirit in the enterprise to give his nation a seat of government befitting its dream. In it he had seen "grandeur, simplicity and convenience," and he had walked, with his long farmer's stride, up and down the hill where the structure was to rise, showing the intense concern he might have given to a new house of his own.

He died on December 14, 1799, when the structure was just beginning to take form on the Hill. Nine days later a resolution was passed to enshrine his body in the Capitol. Martha Washington consented, but others opposed the plan. Nothing came of it.

As late as 1832 there was still much agitation for the removal of the remains, and a firm Washington family opposition. He had desired, said his kinsmen, to be buried at Mount Vernon. Family ties and national sentiment were hopelessly at odds. The shadowy vault stands

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empty today, except for a black-draped catafalque used to support the remains of whoever lies in state at the Capitol.

ALL THESE THINGS—and many others—are seen and heard and talked about by the long kite-tail of tourists who trail behind the incessantly chattering guides. With the war now past, and the travel seasons on, thousands of Americans, of all ages and kinds and from all walks of life, are returning to Washington to see the great domed building whose facade has viewed, in majestic silence, much of the history from which this nation's greatness has evolved. Here, beneath the Statue and the Dome, the people of the United States come to look and stare and ponder, each spending in his own way a kaleidoscopic, wonder-packed hour with America.

Conversation Stoppers

DURING THE WAR, an old Dutch patriot was talking with Anton Mussert, the Laval of Holland.

"What will you do," he asked, "when the Allies have won the war?"

"Oh, nothing complicated," answered Mussert. "If the Allies win, I will put on my coat and hat and go away."

"I see," said the patriot. "But what will you put your hat on?"

—STEFFI KIESLER

AN EMPLOYEE of a large firm approached the office manager. "Sir," he said, "I'd like to have a week off."

"What?" cried the manager. "You just got back from a vacation."

"But I want to get married," replied the employee.

"Why didn't you get married while you were on your vacation?"

"Well, I didn't want to spoil my vacation," was the reply.

—DAN BENNETT

THE HOME REMINDED you of those photos of homes in the Gay 90's. Grandma was rocking as she did her knitting. At her feet sat her four-year-old grandson. It was a picture Whistler could paint. Suddenly the little boy looked up and said: "Grandma, why are you knitting?"

Granny paused, smiled and replied: "Oh, just for the hell of it."

—WALTER WINCHELL

A WEAK BUT AMBITIOUS young man once approached a great merchant and said, "May I ask you the secret of success?"

"There is no easy secret," replied the merchant. "You just jump at your opportunity."

"But how can I tell when my opportunity comes?"

"You can't," snapped the merchant. "You have to keep jumping."

—*The Speaker's Magazine*

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Amino Acids: New Medical Magic

by MADELYN WOOD

With a series of miraculous new powders *that supply vital proteins,* doctors are performing spectacular lifesaving feats

DR. ROBERT ELMAN paced the floor, a puzzled expression on his round, kindly face. At stake were the lives of six workmen who had been burned severely in an industrial explosion.

Already he had ordered that they be given blood plasma, perhaps the first time this was done in burn cases, for the year was 1935. Yet the men were losing weight, almost hourly. Dr. Elman knew why. They were losing proteins through those frightful burns—proteins, the tissue-building substances vital to human life. And there was no way to feed protein-containing foods to men too sick to eat.

Dr. Elman's thoughts brought him to the nature of proteins. They are made up of amino acids. That was it! Suddenly he straightened with decision. As a last resort, why not try giving the men amino acids by injections? Dr. Elman tried it, and from that hour the victims began to recover.

Having witnessed this spectacular experiment, Dr. Elman, who is an associate professor at Washington University in St. Louis, prepared to put it to further test. An unfortunate patient appeared at the hospital with a cancerous growth which blocked off his stomach. Surgery was impossible. The man was condemned to die because he could not eat.

"Let me try aminos," Dr. Elman requested.

The supply of precious powdered acids was scant; pharmaceutical houses had not yet started their manufacture, and the cost was as high as $900 a pound. But there was enough to start, and into the veins of the starving man they fed the acids. What happened was startling, for almost from the beginning the patient showed improvement. Within a month he was moving energetically around the ward, although he still could not eat a bite of food.

Nothing had happened to the cancer. He was simply getting food another way. This man might have lived for years, but he was literally condemned to death because there was not a sufficient supply of the precious aminos. A frantic search to obtain them brought no results, and when the available supply was exhausted the patient wasted away and died.

This was a bitter experience for Dr. Elman. Promptly he and other doctors urged pharmaceutical houses to expand production. It was the first move toward opening a whole new frontier in medicine, one which has saved countless lives

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and may have a vital effect on the health of all of us.

The amino acids, although you may not be conscious of them, are a part of your daily living. If your system did not get them from such protein-containing foods as meat, milk and eggs, you would not be alive today. And because science has discovered their importance, and found ways to make them synthetically, your life may be saved in the future.

The 11 essential amino acids, in the form in which they are now made, might be called "pre-digested" proteins, for the manufacturing process is the equivalent of digestion. They are acceptable to the blood, as Dr. Elman discovered, and can be introduced directly to provide nourishment. Hence, the white or yellow powders, or clear amber solution, the form in which amino acids come, have a host of applications, especially in modern surgical technique.

DR. ROBERT ELMAN

One of the most troublesome problems for doctors is the aftermath of surgery. With the patient unable to digest food in the usual manner, it has been customary to "starve" him with a diet of broths and other liquids. Often the result is a frightful loss of weight, which indicates a lack of protein.

In the instance of patients with special nurses, efforts can be made to tempt the patient's appetite and supply proper nourishment. This was dramatically shown in the case of a woman with severe burns who had special nurses during her first two weeks of hospitalization. For this period, her intake of protein was 25 grams a day. When the special nurses departed the intake fell to six grams. The nurses were put back on, and succeeded in raising the daily amount to 40 grams.

Such cases attracted the attention of an eminent China-born researcher, Dr. Co Tui, at New York University's College of Medicine. He became convinced that amino acids would be a godsend to patients who could not employ special nurses and yet were in desperate need of proteins.

Dr. Co Tui's experiments also led to a hopeful new technique in the treatment of ulcers. Choosing four patients who were about to be operated on for peptic ulcers, he fed them aminos in quantity. What happened then was little short of amazing, for the painful symptoms began to disappear. In less than two days the patients began to gain weight and, most surprising of all, X-rays revealed that the ulcers themselves were healing! Protein had provided the materials for building new tissues—materials lacking in the usual bland diet of the ulcer sufferer.

Getting the amino acids into the patient, however, is not always easy. Up to the present, the taste and odor is anything but pleasant. Some patients don't mind when the dose is digested with tomato juice or chocolate, or when followed by a

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"chaser" of sugar solution, but others with weak stomachs cannot down the concoction. In such cases, doctors insert a tube which runs to the stomach or small intestine.

Feeding acids to the patient through his veins also presents problems. The worst of these has been reaction, with symptoms ranging from an uncomfortable tingling of facial muscles to a violently upset stomach. By adding a special variety of gelatin to the acids, reaction has been cut down to negligible proportions.

THE AMINO ACIDS as a group have proved themselves in practice, but medical science still has a big job ahead to learn the precise function of each. That one of the group may have an important bearing on fertility is not wholly proven, yet there is more than a suspicion that arginine may be the "fatherhood" amino. As hints of this possibility piled up, Johns Hopkins researchers carried out an experiment on three young volunteers.

For nine days these young men lived on a diet from which all arginine was excluded. They ate only foods low in protein content, but to make sure they absorbed the other amino acids, they drank a daily dose of amino-acid preparations. At the end of the period, the three young men were virtually sterile. When they returned to a normal diet, the condition quickly corrected itself.

To define the function of another amino acid, Johns Hopkins doctors fed white rats on a diet from which tryptophane had been removed. Soon the rats began to lose their hair. Younger rats developed eye cataracts and there was a noticeable deterioration in tooth enamel. Experiments with human beings were abandoned for fear of similar results. Yet some doctors believe that deficiency of tryptophane may account for baldness.

So it goes, this slow, patient search into a hitherto hidden realm of medicine. Fortunately, as new uses are found for amino acids, they can be made in almost limitless quantities from a variety of protein-rich foods, such as skim milk. Dried and powdered, the acids are ready for shipment anywhere.

Daily advances are being made into new fields. Babies allergic to milk can be given amino acids. People afflicted with kidney disease often must drop meat from their diet, which may result in protein starvation. Amino acids do not affect the kidneys.

Pregnant women often suffer from severe swelling of the legs and ankles. This condition can frequently be helped by high protein diets. The full list is a long one, indicating the rich possibilities for amino acids. No wonder physicians feel that these miraculous new powders constitute one of the most effective weapons in the arsenal of modern medicine.

Before you flare up at anyone's faults, take time to count to ten. . . . ten of your own. —*Empire Digest*

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Our human comedy

Life without laughter would be dismal, indeed; so to brighten your horizon we have assembled here some lighter bits from the drama of everyday existence

THE WIFE OF JONATHAN EDWARDS, the great New England minister, had been trying for some time to tell her husband indirectly that she was going to have a baby—their first. But Edwards took no notice of such activities as sewing on tiny clothes, and finally she was forced to resort to the direct approach.

"Jonathan," she said, "I'm going to have a baby."

"How dare you mention such a subject to me?" he thundered.

She never did. And she had twelve children.

IT WAS THE DAY of the big race, the Grand National. All England was excited, but most excited of all was Jack Mullane, gentleman jockey, for today he had finally achieved his ambition. He had a mount in this greatest of all steeplechases. As he sat on his horse waiting for the start, he recalled how, only a couple of years before, he had decided to become a gentleman jockey. He remembered how unsuccessful he had been the first year and how, later, he had begun to make a name for himself as a fine rider. Now he had reached the very pinnacle of success. Only one thing remained for him to do—win the race. Then he would be England's most famous jockey.

But Jack Mullane did not make it, and he forsook the promising career that had started so well. However, he has no regrets, for he is known today from one end of the entertainment world to the other under the name he adopted for the movies—Ray Milland.

—BILL STERN in *My Favorite Sport Stories*

THE NATIVE SHREWDNESS and thriftiness of New Englanders is axiomatic, and there have been many stories about the small economies of the late Calvin Coolidge.

When Coolidge was nominated for the presidency, a young reporter for the Boston *Globe* called on him, on a very warm day, for an exclusive interview. The charming Mrs. Coolidge, present at the interview, gently reminded her husband of his duties as host by suggesting, "Cal, maybe Mr. Bently would like some ginger ale."

A glass was brought and Bently sipped it. He couldn't get much out of Mr. Coolidge and was about to go when two other newspapermen arrived. Bently decided to stick

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around and see if anything more striking was said.

After the interview had lasted some moments and conversation lagged, Mrs. Coolidge again came to the rescue by saying, "Cal, wouldn't these gentlemen like something cool, too?"

Obligingly, Mr. Coolidge poured a glass of ginger ale for each of the newcomers. Then, noting that one of them looked inquiringly toward Bently, Calvin Coolidge dryly remarked:

"Bently's already had his."

—*The Colonel Says*

ONE OF ILKA CHASE'S most famous lines was not read on the stage. Some time after her divorce from Louis Calhern, she came across a box of engraved cards bearing only the name "Mrs. Louis Calhern."

Feeling it would be a shame to let the cards go to waste, she wrapped them up and sent them to Julia Hoyt, the new Mrs. Calhern, with the little note, "Dear Julia, I hope these reach you in time."

ALBERT EINSTEIN, commuting from Princeton, New Jersey, to New York City recently, decided to lunch on the train. A waiter handed him the menu. The great mathematician fumbled for his glasses but he'd forgotten them. Though extremely nearsighted, Einstein shrugged his shoulders and attempted to read the bill of fare anyway. First he held it at arms length and then close to his face. But it was no use; he couldn't make it out without his glasses. Finally, he turned to the waiter and said: "You read it for me, please."

The waiter shook his head sympathetically and replied: "I'se ignorant too, boss."

—JAMES E. SAYERS

THE OLDEST INHABITANT of an Arizona town was telling a group of dudes about his experiences.

"One time," he said, "I was lying asleep under a mesquite bush when I felt a pressure on my chest. I opened my eyes; on my chest, looking at me with his evil little eyes, was a rattlesnake. If I'd made a move, he'd have struck faster than I could see."

"But what did you do?" asked one young lady.

The oldster shifted his tobacco. "Nothing I *could* do," he said, "so I just went back to sleep."

WHEN 34 WEST POINT Cadets on a training flight were forced down at the Bridgeport Airport on a recent stormy night, their first thought was of chow. They promptly became guests of Chance Vought Aircraft in its cafeteria, where it was discovered that all they had among them was $10.

To express their appreciation, the 34 Cadets marched single file into the kitchen. There they rolled up their sleeves, scrubbed the dishes and swept the floor. Then they flew back to West Point.—*The Bee Hive*

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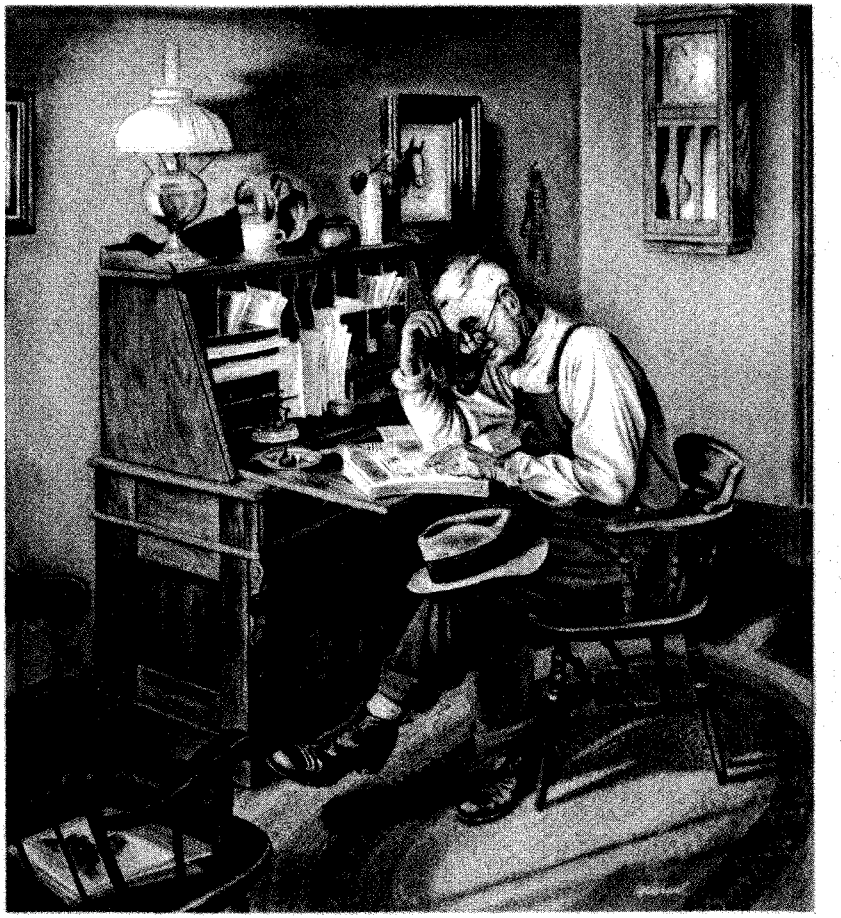

Catalogue of Wonders

Mail-order time on the farm is a highlight of the year for the whole family. It is a time that calls for thoughtful study of the fascinating catalogue bursting with a thousand and one dreams-come-true.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO FAMILIAR SCENES IN AMERICAN LIFE. PAINTING BY JIM LOCKHART.

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MAIL-ORDER TIME

by HAYDN S. PEARSON

It's one of the year's highlights on the farm when Mother, Father and children start to explore the catalogue's wonders

ALONG TOWARD THE END of winter, when work has slowed down, mail-order time arrives on the farm. Naturally, this important semi-annual affair isn't settled as the result of an evening's work.

For weeks ahead Mother has been jotting down essential items on a slip of paper she keeps in the kitchen table; Father uses one of the blank pages in the back of his farm-record book. Boys and girls, with dollars earned during the season, know what they want; but their problem is to make funds and desires come within hailing distance of each other.

Finally, on a quiet wintry evening, the countryman says at five o'clock supper: "I guess we'd better make out the mail-order list tonight."

After the milking, separating and other chores are done, and Mother and the girls have washed the dishes, the whole family gets to the serious business of studying the catalogue. Father sits in his old Morris chair near the open oven; Mother has her Boston rocker by the kitchen table. The young folks gather around the big eating table with its red and white checked cloth. The Lazy Susan is pushed to one end. Small kerosene lamps serve the parents; the big-bellied lamp with decorated porcelain shade illuminates the big table.

Mother's list is strictly utilitarian —yard goods, a few kitchen utensils, underwear for the family, and other requirements of daily living. Father orders farm items: tools, hardware, harness parts, overalls and waterproof boots. The sisters do an unconscionable amount of giggling and low-voiced talking as they decide on the doo-dads they want. But a 14-year-old lad has a real problem.

His dollars are limited; his desires unbounded. Certain things on his list are absolutely essential: ammunition for the .22 and the shotgun; a pair of hunter's boots, red-topped leggings, a new hand axe, a multi-purpose jack-knife, a mackinaw with an emphatic pattern of blues and reds, and a copy of the exciting new book, *Adventures of a Lonely Trapper in the Arctic.*

Yes, mail-order time is a highlight of the year—an experience that creates a common bond amongst millions of Americans. And somehow it is an event which, today, has a peculiar significance. For in no other country on earth can the common citizen enjoy, in the same measure, the thrill of "ordering by mail" from a treasure house packed with merchandise that makes for better living.

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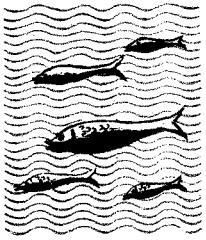
New Wonders from the Sea



by LOUIS N. SARBACH

With some help from science, the "poor fish" is contributing to your comfort and health in many spectacular new ways

THIS IS A FISH STORY. As such, you may find it difficult to believe. But actually, there is a connection between halibut and handbags, mackerel and margarine, pilchard and pearl. It all depends on how you look at a fish.

We have a fishing industry because fishes are food. We like to catch them or put them in fancy bowls, but mostly we like to eat them. To a chemist, however, fish are a vast, barely scratched supply of ready-made chemicals swimming about in the ocean, waiting to be turned into almost anything from hair clasps to hormones. The potentialities of the new fish-chemistry suggest the spectacular achievements of coal tar and petroleum chemistry.

Some day we may wear shoes of shark leather. Already tough-skinned fishes provide scuff-proof shoe-tips. Rich supplies of vitamins from fish oils have long been staple drug items. These familiar pharmaceuticals may soon be joined by newcomers, including a remedy for high blood pressure, a greatly improved Insulin, valuable glandular extracts, and an inexpensive, highly potent substance for the treatment of pernicious anemia.

Auto lacquers, fancy wrapping papers, gelatine, watchmaker's oil, dynamite, shortening, floor coverings, isinglass, novelty jewelry, lubricating oil, leather softeners, paint plasticizers, soap, printing ink, photographic emulsions—even now, in every one of these, fish-chemistry is playing a role.

Tomorrow's expansion may include, in addition, such unrelated items as woolen clothing, ice cream and molded plastics.

Every year fishing boats go forth and return to the U.S. with a mountain of fish weighing more than 4½ billion pounds. Three billion of them are consumed as food, leaving almost two billion pounds of heads and tails, bones, fins, skins and innards. They used to be thrown away!

The salvage process began when science discovered important deposits of vitamin A in codfish livers, and promptly a business was born. More than 1,000,000 gallons of domestic fish vitamin oils, worth

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some $12 a gallon, were produced during 1944.

But codfish have no monopoly on vitamin-rich livers. Fisheries soon were investigating other species, such as halibut, swordfish, sturgeon and albacore. The public, however, had learned to associate vitamins with codfish, and today the term "cod liver oil" is merely a trade designation describing almost any fish-liver oil or blend of oils sold in a drugstore.

Before 1940, Scandinavia was the main source of our fish-oil vitamins, but the war shut off imports. Then somebody thought about California sharks. The sharks had always been a nuisance. No one wanted to eat them: mostly they frightened swimmers. But in 1937, with Europe in ferment, Eastern pharmaceutical houses were worried about the Scandinavian supply. So they set chemists at work.

To their amazement, the researchers found that livers of soupfin sharks are extremely potent as vitamin carriers. A new rush to California began, this time for golden fish oils. Today California produces millions of gallons of shark-liver oils for vitamin A, other millions of gallons of tuna oil for vitamin D, and confidently expects an eventual production worth $20,000,000 a year.

There will be side lines, too. Sharks have hides tough enough for processing as leather. Their fins provide an elegant soup stock. They have a meat which has been canned as "gray fish," but which usually comes to our tables in the form of beef, poultry and vegetables, for it has proved to be a first-rate fertilizer and stockfeed, full of proteins and minerals.

Farms, in fact, use most of that mountain of heads, skins and bones. Baby chicks, not human babies, consume most of our vitamin oils. Half a billion pounds of "fishmeal" went to the nation's livestock and poultry in 1944, for which farmers were glad to pay $15,000,000. And much of this, furthermore, was fortified with fish-liver vitamins, thus increasing the farmer's debt to the sea.

NOW LET'S LOOK at some other fish products. Glue, for instance. A ton of fish skins yields 60 gallons of liquid glue. Bones and trimmings give 25 gallons to the ton, heads produce another 15.

Guanine, a type of the organic compound purine, supplies the lovely pearl essence used by makers of costume jewelry and iridescent coated wrapping papers. New applications, such as pearl printing inks and automobile lacquers, seem to be just around the corner.

Other chemicals, found ready-made in fish, include huge quantities of the protein collagen, which can theoretically be turned into fancy gelatine desserts. And new plastics from fish proteins resembling those from soy-beans are on the way.

A wartime shortage developed in glycerine oils. With the fall of Manila, copra imports from the Philippines ceased, and the resulting scramble to find new oils affected every domestic source—flax, cotton, soybeans, peanuts and even used cooking fats. Fish were in this business too, notably sardines and herrings, whose body oils total 15,000,000 gallons a year, with better than average glycerine con-

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tent. Thus even modest sardines, in the form of TNT, went skyhigh for the Seabees and Army Engineers, blasting the stubborn earth to make way for excavations, bridges and new airdromes.

American industry uses millions of gallons of body oil from fish for dozens of purposes. You'll find it in paints, varnishes, lacquers and furniture finishes. And because it has good non-drying qualities, the leather trade employs it for "stuffing," a process that keeps leather soft and supple.

Dolphins and porpoises carry the world's finest oil in their headbones. It is used by watchmakers, and no other has yet been discovered to take its place. But there are also coarse oils in the pile of fish waste which find their way into heavy industrial greases. Still others have a place in the making of soap, linoleum, oilcloth, printing ink, coated fabrics and a long list of useful products, including substitutes for butter and shortening.

A new remedy for high blood pressure, which has proved successful in the laboratory, comes from substances contained in both liver and body oils. Concentrated fish-liver extracts for treatment of pernicious anemia have left the test tube, but not so well known is protamine insulinate, a new Insulin described as "greatly improved."

Cigarette cases, belts, billfolds, handbags and women's shoes made from the skins of tough fishes like sharks and catfish are planned by leather firms near New England's fishing ports. In Louisiana, an ingenious citizen fashions the ivory-hued scales of the giant gar into lapel ornaments, tie clasps and bracelets. Shark teeth from California are seen in novelty necklaces.

The products of America's fisheries are worth close to $200,000,000 a year. Nearly 30 per cent of this comes from the sale of materials once thrown away. New uses are developing and gradually there will be competition for these wastes. This will mean still greater income for the fishermen, just as it will mean a richer material environment for us all.

Favorite Story

One of Milton Berle's favorite stories is the one about the woman speeding in her car with her little boy. She was driving about sixty miles an hour out on Long Island when she noticed in her reflector that a motorcycle cop was following her. Instead of slowing down, she thought she could shake him by hitting seventy. Again she looked back and there were two motor cops behind. She stepped the speedometer up to eighty and when she turned around there were three. Suddenly she spied a gas station up ahead and, pulling up in front of it, she pushed her son out and he dashed to the rest room assigned his sex. At this moment the three policemen caught up with her. Without batting an eyelash, she said, coyly, "I'll bet you thought he wouldn't make it!"—*Variety*

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UNABLE TO RESIST, RAVIC PLUNGED INTO THE MAD WHIRLPOOL OF JOAN'S EAGER LOVE

"ARCH OF TRIUMPH" is the love story of Ravic, an Austrian refugee living in Paris during the year before Germany drove France into war. Having escaped from the Nazis, Ravic is a man without a country. If he were caught by the police he would be deported immediately. The only place he can live safely in Paris is in a small hotel owned by a courageous Frenchwoman who is willing to defy the authorities in order to help Ravic and other refugees like him. A skilled surgeon, Ravic is able to earn his living by performing operations, in secret, for two French society doctors.

We meet Ravic for the first time on a night in the late fall of 1938, on a bridge over the Seine. A young woman approaches him out of the darkness. This is Joan Madou whose lover has died. She has been driven into the night by fright and despair. As Joan walks towards him, Ravic senses that she may be about to throw herself into the river. He stops her and engages her in conversation. With strong but gentle understanding he comforts her. They go to a small restaurant and Joan begins to feel better and to talk more freely. When Ravic finds that she is upset by the fact that her fiancé has died, he decides that she must be taken out of the fearful surroundings of her lover's death, and he rents her a room in another hotel.

Having helped her, Ravic dismisses Joan from his mind. But she cannot forget him and she sends him a small Madonna as a sign

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"FOOL," RAVIC THOUGHT, "I SAVED YOUR LIFE—AND THERE YOU SIT, PLAYING AT JUSTICE."

that she wants to see him. He goes to her and as further aid finds her a job singing at the Scheherazade Café. With this beginning, Joan and Ravic are drawn irresistibly into a passionate love affair.

It is a habit of Ravic's to sit alone in the sidewalk cafés of Paris, watching the passers-by. On one of these lonely evenings he is startled to see the face of Haake, the Gestapo agent who killed a girl Ravic befriended before he fled to Paris. Blinded with the sudden recollection of an old hate, Ravic leaps to his feet and dashes after this man, intent on killing him. But Haake disappears in the traffic.

Ravic realizes that as a German agent Haake may be making other visits to Paris and he vows that next time Haake will not escape, that he will kill him to revenge the girl's murder and his own beatings.

More deeply in love than ever, Joan and Ravic now plan to spend a few weeks on the glittering, sunny Riviera. To earn the money for their vacation, Ravic asks Dr. de Pellebois, one of the doctors for whom he works, to give him an extra-large fee for an operation on a French official named Leval, which de Pellebois cannot perform himself. Reluctantly the fee is paid, and Ravic saves Leval's life.

Joan and Ravic have their happy vacation, but before they leave the Riviera, Ravic accidentally becomes involved with the police. Discovering that he has no passport, they return him to Paris where he appears before Leval himself. Ravic recognizes Leval, but Leval, of

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"IT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT. I KILLED HIM IN THE BOIS AND BURIED HIM IN ST. GERMAIN"

Paris so well, and he asks Ravic if he will show him some "real Paris night life." Ravic, eager to have this murderer in his power, says that he will, and he proposes that they get started immediately. But Haake explains that he is returning to Berlin in a few hours and he asks if he may call Ravic the next time he is in Paris. Disappointed, Ravic agrees and when Haake leaves, he resigns himself to the nerve-wracking wait for Haake's call—for the moment when Haake returns.

But while waiting, Ravic wastes no time. He hires a car and lays detailed plans for Haake's murder. This time he must not lose Haake. He waits for more than two weeks without hearing from him. He cannot leave his room for a moment, lest he miss Haake's call while he is gone. The suspense becomes almost unbearable. Then, just as Ravic is about to give up, the unsuspecting German calls.

There is a night of revelry. Haake falls into a drunken stupor. And Ravic, seizing his chance, puts him into the car and drives out into the dark, lonely Paris suburbs. The fresh air revives Haake. He sits up, looks about, realizes that something is wrong, and reaches for his gun. But Ravic notices the movement and, swerving the speeding car around a bend in the road, suddenly jams on the brakes. Haake is thrown forward against the windshield, and as he falls Ravic hits him with a heavy wrench. Then he takes him out of the car, stuffs him into the trunk, and strangles

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RAVIC GLARED AT HIM. "CALL UP AUTEUIL 1357. IT'S A HOSPITAL I'LL TALK TO THEM."

him to complete the job. Finished, he drives further out into the country and buries the dead Haake by the side of the road.

His tension released, his mind free of its obsession, Ravic drives back to Paris. Now war with Germany is getting closer. Ravic continues to work for Dr. Veber, a sympathetic man, but he realizes that when war comes he will be arrested as an enemy alien.

Once again absorbed in his work, Ravic has almost forgotten about Joan. She is becoming only a painful memory, when one night his phone rings. It is Joan. She is begging him to come quickly. She needs him. But he is half asleep and he ignores her insistent voice. He dozes off again. But soon he is snapped to wakefulness by an urgent pounding at his door. Alex Stince bursts breathlessly into his room.

Jumping out of bed, Ravic recognizes him as Joan's new lover. The young man is hysterical. Almost weeping, he tells Ravic that he has shot Joan in a jealous rage. Ravic asks no more questions but grabs his clothes and, pushing the shaken youth before him, runs down to Alex's car.

They find Joan on the bed in her room. She is bleeding badly. Only a quick glance is enough for Ravic. He orders Alex to phone Dr. Veber to have the operating room ready. And together they take Joan to the hospital.

On the operating table Ravic's suspicions are confirmed. The bullet has lodged in Joan's spinal col-

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PARIS WAS DARK. BUT THE MEN IN THE TRUCK COULD SEE THE ARCH SHINING IN THE NIGHT.

taken into custody by the police. He finds them lined up, bravely holding their meager belongings. The woman who runs the hotel is arguing with the police that these people are harmless, that they too hate Germany. But the police must do their duty.

Ravic and the others are herded into a truck. Ahead lie more concentration camps, more cruel days, more waiting—endless, helpless waiting.

The truck begins to move. Past lines of marching soldiers, past rumbling rows of equipment moving toward the front, the truck carries its innocent prisoners. Paris is blacked-out.

But though they are once more prisoners, the men in the truck are hopeful. For now the free nations of the world have taken up Hitler's challenge. War, for Ravic and the others, means that at last they will be avenged—while they wait in concentration camps mighty armies will take up their battle. Now the men in the truck, listening to the growing sounds of war, can feel again that someday they will be able to return to their homes to live as men should live—free and unafraid.

And so Ravic disappears into the night. And out of the heavy darkness of Paris, glimmering like a symbol of a brighter future, there looms the strong, silent figure of the Arch of Triumph.

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He Minds Other People's Business

by EDWIN DIEHL

For 25 years, an alert New Yorker has been answering the public's telephone with his "ghost" secretarial service

THE GIRL AT THE small telephone switchboard in the uptown Manhattan apartment said, "Howard Manufacturing Company. Good evening."

"This is Mrs. Howard," said a voice on the other end of the wire. "Is my husband in?"

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Howard, the office is closed. May I help you?"

"How," demanded Mrs. Howard, "can the office be closed if you're there?"

"But I'm not," the girl explained. "I'm the telephone secretary, and ——."

"Never mind!" snapped Mrs. Howard, banging down the receiver. Ten minutes later she was at her husband's office, only to find it closed. When she arrived home she found him sitting in his favorite chair, complacently smoking a pipe.

Poor Howard did his best to explain. Finally, in desperation, he had his doubting wife call Sherman Amsden, president of Telephone Answering Service in New York, who dispelled suspicion. Amsden patiently explained how his company supervised the wires of clients who paid to have their phones answered when they were not in the office, and how with a staff of 185 operators he conducted a "ghost" secretarial service.

"When you called your husband's office," he said, "and his phone rang, it also flashed a signal lamp on our switchboard. The operator knew that Mr. Howard's phone was ringing because his name and number are printed over the signal lamp. If the light goes out promptly, the operator knows he has answered. If after three rings he has failed to answer, our secretaries cut in and supply the company's name."

Sherman C. Amsden started in the business of minding other people's business in 1922 with a clientele of half a dozen physicians. A single operator, working from a switchboard on upper Broadway, cut in on the phones of busy doctors and took calls which came during their frequent absences. It was a boon to physicians who, with perfect confidence, supplied Amsden with a list of all their haunts.

In the quarter-century since its inception, Amsden's company has spiralled incredibly. There are now a number of other organizations offering similar service, but Amsden's is the oldest and largest in the United States. Last year Telephone Answering Service took more than 3,500,000 calls in Manhattan alone. Associate answering services operate in Brooklyn and Queens, two other boroughs of New York City. Recently Pittsburgh offices were opened, and

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Amsden has plans for extending the service to several other cities.

Amsden offers clients a complete telephonic secretarial service which stops just short of opening the morning mail. For insurance companies, his trained girls rout adjusters out of bed for accidents which happen at night. Funeral directors and detective-bureau operators can get an uninterrupted night's sleep; one of Amsden's girls stays up for them.

If the juke box in a café breaks down and a call is put in to the closed offices of the company, the Service girl answers in the company's name. She records the complaint and the complainant's address. Then she digs the company's night repairman out of bed and sends him to fix the machine. If the repairman should not happen to be in, she checks all the places he is known to frequent until she locates him. In this way, the Amsden people serve firms specializing in maintenance work for elevators, refrigerators, vending machines, furnace regulators, radio repairs and air-conditioning.

Rigidly-trained for top efficiency, the discreet girls handle calls for hundreds of busy executives, producers, columnists and thousands of key people in all businesses. They make a point of being even more polite and considerate in dealing with calls than are the client's actual employees.

Amsden concentrates on special training for his operators, dins into them his rigid rules governing telephonic behavior. A pleasing voice, good memory and a legible handwriting are prerequisites. In action, a secretary must not sound bored but should display a warm interest in the caller and his business. The interest stops strictly short of fraternization. Yet Amsden admits he has lost a number of his best secretaries who have met and married clients.

Many of his secretaries, as the result of screening, are the "homey" type. Not only does this give Amsden a more understanding group of women, but their years of experience equip them to handle strange calls. One client's wife rang up another client's wife and the call was intercepted by Telephone Answering Service. The caller was having a bridge party and she simply had to reach Mrs. Smith to get her wonderful fudge recipe. The phone secretary could not forward the call but obliged with her own favorite recipe.

With 11 stations in Manhattan and 185 secretaries, the mechanics of Amsden's set-up are quite simple. Auxiliary trunk lines between each of the Service's switchboards and the nearest telephone exchange are installed by the telephone company. These wires cost a minimum of $2.50 a month for each subscriber.

The telephone company gets this fee, while subscribers pay Amsden a nominal sum each year for secre-

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tary service. The phone extension is precisely the same he has for his own secretary, only in this case she is unseen and may be located in an apartment eight blocks away. A general supervisor rides around in a car from station to station, making checks.

Clients who have used the service a few months develop confidence in their ghost secretaries and many busy executives trust the operators to make and cancel appointments, accept reports and orders, quote cost and price estimates, and in general take an active hand in their business. On the less commercial side, subscribers get a great deal of satisfaction from knowing that if the phone rings when they are in the bathtub, they can relax and let the phone secretary get it.

Amsden's secretaries will go all out for a client. One subscriber was enjoying a bridge game when an unexpected guest arrived. A poor player, he threatened to ruin an otherwise fine game. The client sneaked to a phone, called his service secretary and asked her to call back, impersonating the guest's current girl friend. Ten minutes later the phone rang. The guest left to keep an imaginary date.

Medical men swear by Telephone Answering Service. One client had a neurotic patient who slept all day and called him all night, interrupting his precious sleep. The doctor told his phone secretary about her, explaining there was nothing seriously wrong with the woman except that she took an excessive delight in talking. So the secretary entertained the patient all night while the doctor got his much-needed rest.

Another physician was treating a very sick baby whose young mother had been up with the infant every night for a week and was ragged with lack of sleep. But it was necessary that she administer medicine to the baby every two hours—skipping even one treatment might have proved fatal. Amsden's operator, ringing persistently every two hours, got the mother out of a drugged sleep to care for the child.

On another occasion a brain specialist was out yachting when an emergency call came to his office. The phone secretary took the call, realized the urgency and went into action. She had to ask police to send out a patrol boat for the doctor, but two hours later he was at the hospital, ready to perform a delicate operation.

TO MAKE SURE that his girls are "on the ball"—a bit of GI language he acquired while serving as a major with the Army during the war—Sherman Amsden takes time out each day to dial a few secret numbers. With these, he can listen to any of the secretary-operators. Frequently he hears some intriguing conversation, usually patting himself on the back for having such a good secretary on the job.

One instance involved the sale of a yacht, with the phone secretary as the accidental middleman. A buyer phoned about a newspaper ad but the client who had the yacht for sale was out of his office and Amsden's girl intercepted the call.

"Can you tell me about it?" asked the buyer.

The phone secretary described the boat from a picture she had of it. The enthusiastic caller decided

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to inspect the craft immediately.

The secretary got busy on another phone, found the client at his yacht club, told him a buyer was on his way. Then she informed the first caller he had better scoot out to the club. Later in the day she learned the deal had been closed.

Amsden's unusual service is branching out fast today. Firms frequently can't get office space so they move their phones into Amsden's offices where a company representative can receive calls. Messages are transmitted by mail, phone or telegraph. The company or individual can be listed in the phone directory, making use of any of Amsden's twelve branch offices. When an out-of-town firm has no New York City office and wants a metropolitan listing, they can place their firm under an Amsden number and have orders taken, messages and appointments made and all telephonic routine handled.

Telephone Answering Service's latest convenience is radiopaging—a method of summoning clients to the phone by radio. In August, the Federal Communications Commission approved the organization's plans to erect a high-frequency transmitter to page clients by code numbers. Each subscriber carries in his pocket a portable receiver set little larger than a package of cigarettes. This receiver, using miniature tubes perfected during the war, contains a speaker which is audible only when held against the ear.

Code numbers of clients being sought by their telephone secretaries are broadcast over and over until the summons is answered. The transmitter can reach clients anywhere within a 50-mile radius. Thus, a doctor enjoying a night off at a Broadway show can relax, knowing that he will be notified of any urgent calls. Similarly, delivery services are using the new device to keep in touch with employees making their rounds.

Amsden has still other ideas up his sleeve to make things easier for the public. Hence it wouldn't be surprising if some day he announced that businessmen wouldn't have to go to the office at all. Based on 25 years' experience with his unique service, it's quite possible that he could take over the complexities of a whole business by using trained "ghosts" of various kinds.

The Landlord Giveth

IF A LANDLORD with no objection to children is an apartment-hunters' dream, Henry N. Solomon of Cleveland, Ohio, is in the out-of-this-world class. He not only accepts children, he pays for the privilege of having them in his apartment buildings.

Solomon gives a government bond to every child born in one of his apartments, a $25 bond to the first-born and a $50 bond to each subsequent child, with a limit of 16 in one family. So far he has given out 58 bonds in the last 20 years.

—VINCENT PFEIFER

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first suit

In the days when a boy wasn't considered well-dressed unless he looked like Little Lord Fauntleroy, being fitted for his first suit was an ordeal. It was accompanied by a starched, uncomfortable feeling from which the modern boy has been happily freed.

ANOTHER IN A SERIES OF MEMORABLE EVENTS IN EVERYDAY LIFE. *PAINTING* BY AMOS SEWELL

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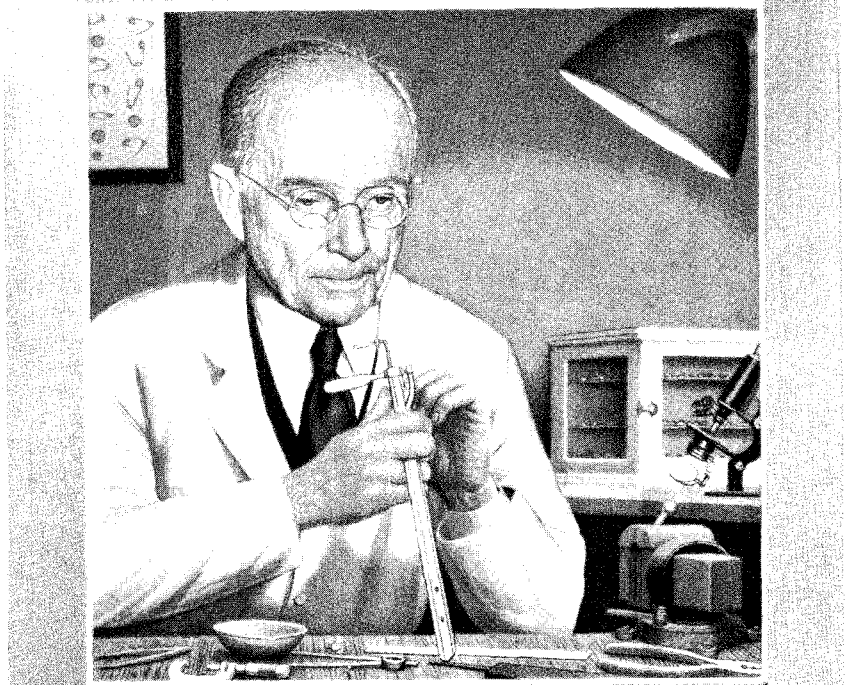

PORTRAIT BY ROBERT S. SLOAN

Chevalier Jackson: Pioneer of Oral Surgery

by NORMAN CARLISLE

"HE MUST BE RUSHED to Dr. Chevalier Jackson!"

The fact that the doctor giving this advice to two frantic parents was in Australia and Dr. Jackson in far-off Philadelphia did not matter. Here was a three-year-old boy with a nail piercing his lung. His life was at stake. Action was imperative.

The whole world watched the lad's dramatic race against death. Little Kelvin Rodgers reached Philadelphia in time, and there met the gray-haired physician with kindly blue eyes who greeted him with an amusing story. Somehow the little boy, who had been terribly frightened before, wasn't afraid any longer. And soon he had no reason to be, for in an operation that took

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only a few minutes Dr. Jackson removed the nail.

When the press discovered that the famous doctor had performed the operation without charge, there was a clamor of surprise. The Department of State of Australia sent Dr. Jackson official thanks. Clubs and societies sent congratulatory telegrams. But to Dr. Chevalier Jackson, this was all very embarrassing. Removing the nail was just another routine case for a man who had performed literally thousands of similar operations. His generosity in making no charge was not new either, for in his career extending over half a century, only five of every hundred patients had ever been able to pay for his work.

Only one set of statistics seems important to Dr. Jackson, and that is the record of his operations—about 98 of every 100 patients saved. More important still, in every large city of the world there is today a bronchial clinic, almost always run by doctors who learned from Dr. Jackson; and their record of success is just as high as his! For Dr. Jackson has been not only a great doctor but a great teacher as well, an evangelist fighting for a cause.

He is hailed as one of the fathers of a whole branch of medicine that is now known as peroral endoscopy, the science of looking into the body through the mouth. The instruments developed by Dr. Jackson, and the techniques for using them that he has taught, have given medicine new eyes with which to see. Today doctors may peer into the throat, the esophagus, the lungs and the stomach and make visual diagnoses.

With the miraculous 'scopes they can not only *look* inside the human body but they can also extract foreign objects and remove tumors. They can perform such remarkable operations as removing material from abcessed lungs and making from these materials vaccines which can then be used to cure the abcesses. They can remove bits of tissue which may be analyzed by a pathologist in the early diagnosis of cancer. They can identify stomach ulcers that frequently defy identification by X-ray. The full list of possibilities would cover pages.

THE MAN WHOSE NAME is associated with these instruments is modest about his accomplishments, so modest that he has often tried to give credit for many of his discoveries to other men. Born 35 years before the turn of the century in Pittsburgh, Jackson's story as a doctor began when he came home in 1886, a thin, frail young man, wearing the same suit he had worn when he went away to college. Under his arm was a green tin box containing his diploma. In his heart was a burning determination to become a specialist in a then hardly recognized field, laryngology. He had to learn more about it; the medical course in Philadelphia had not been enough.

There he had read the work of a famous English specialist, Sir Morell Makenzie. Jackson determined he would go to England. As a poor

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young doctor with no practice he plunged into the job of painting chinaware, a job which had paid his way through college. After months of work he had managed to save only $76. Then an eccentric old bachelor with a chronic throat ailment made a bargain. If young Jackson would go to England to find out the latest treatment for such an ailment, the bachelor would advance $50. In return, Jackson was to treat the bachelor's larynx for the rest of his life.

Joyously, Jackson booked passage. But once in England, the young doctor had to make his precious dollars go far. His meals consisted of bread and cheese, with an occasional bowl of soup. Eagerly he listened, asked questions, and came back to America bursting with knowledge about the human throat.

Now he faced a hard decision. Practical doctors advised him to forget about making a living from the specialty he had sacrificed so much to learn. He should, they told him, go into general practice. But there was no question in the young doctor's mind. He chose to specialize.

Through a coincidence that years later was to have a shocking sequel for Dr. Jackson, a new physician had just moved to Pittsburgh. Dr. W. T. English, a specialist in diseases of the chest, was also a singer. Constantly troubled with laryngitis, he hopefully came to the young doctor. With his newly acquired knowledge, Dr. Jackson cleared up the trouble. Promptly Dr. English referred more patients to Dr. Jackson's office. Although many of them were poor singers with no money, their presence encouraged the young man to keep on as a specialist.

His thoughts were far from money, however, for around him he saw pale, sickly children, and recognized the septic condition brought on by diseased adenoids and tonsils. Operations for their removal were not common in those days, so Dr. Jackson set out to educate the community.

First he went to teachers, startling them by saying he could easily detect the dull and irritable pupils. He would point them out, then call the pupil up to show the teacher inflamed tonsils. Soon many teachers were sold on his idea, but professed helplessness. The superintendent of schools in Pittsburgh likewise indicated he could do nothing, because violent opposition would come from parents if any official attempt were made even to have pupils examined. Dr. Jackson went back to his office, determined to launch his program in his own ward, known as the "Bloody Third" because of brutal political practices.

The determined young doctor went to Chris Magee, the boss. Magee was suspicious. What was Dr. Jackson going to get out of this? Then Dr. Jackson learned a fact that was to be hammered home to him many times: that politicians could not understand a man who asked for something with no thought of personal gain. However, the earnestness of the young doctor convinced the amazed boss that here indeed was a man with no selfish motives. Magee referred Jackson to Dr. McKelvy, chairman of the Third Ward School Board. McKelvy at first scoffed at the doctor's suggestion, but after seeing some of Jackson's tonsil cases before and after operation, he was thoroughly con-

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vinced; thereafter, in his capacity as a private physician, he started sending cases to Jackson.

Few people in that poverty-stricken ward could pay fees, but Dr. Jackson did not care. He was always begging hospital directors to take in patients, and one exasperated manager asked: "Dr. Jackson, don't you *ever* get a pay patient?"

Often he was called on desperate emergency cases that would have shattered the nerves of less controlled men. One dark winter morning a ragged woman came to his door, screaming that her drunken husband was beating their child to death. Dr. Jackson rushed down an alley after her. In a wretched room he found a girl lying on the floor, gasping for breath. In a matter of seconds she would be dead from an obstruction in her throat.

Swiftly Dr. Jackson moved to do the only thing that could save her life, an emergency tracheotomy, which consists of making two cuts in the front of the neck. The doctor had made one cut when powerful hands seized him. The drunken father had leaped upon him. Neighbors managed to pull him off, and Dr. Jackson calmly made the second cut.

After artificial respiration the girl began to breathe again. She opened her eyes and sobbed out a pathetic story to the kindly doctor. She had refused to give a ten-cent piece to her father, who wanted it to buy more liquor. To keep him from getting the dime she had put it in her mouth, whereupon he had choked her. The coin lodged in the girl's throat would have taken her life but for Dr. Jackson's timely intervention.

WORD OF THIS quiet, earnest, generous young physician began to spread. Other doctors wanted to hear of his accomplishments, and Dr. Jackson spoke at many medical meetings. He would travel hundreds of miles at his own expense, with only enough money to pay for flimsy meals of pretzels and for lodging in cheap hotels. He would work desperately up to the last minute, rush off to catch a train, and then when he came back would plunge, without rest, into the endless work that awaited him.

On the train he wrote papers for medical journals. The only relaxation he permitted himself was to sketch some peaceful scene as the train passed by. Many times he was tempted to give it all up out of sheer weariness, but somehow he found the inner strength to keep on. Always he was driven by the burning desire to teach others what he had learned.

"Chevalier Jackson's skill was acquired by a lifetime of work with the poor," a famous medical man said later. Certainly he gained a lifetime of experience during those dark days in Pittsburgh when his slight figure became a familiar sight in the alleys, slums and hospital wards of the steel city. Always there was a desperate need for instruments which could not be purchased from Dr. Jackson's slender funds. Where could he get them?

In a little shop in the cellar of his office he spent night after night fashioning instruments with his delicate, skillful fingers. In those moments devoted to craftsmanship he could forget his own poverty and the terrible scenes around him. But more important, he could dream of

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other instruments he might make—instruments that would enable him to peer and probe into the human body.

He did not quite know how he would create these instruments, but he remembered the crude esophagus tube he had seen demonstrated by Dr. Makenzie in England. In spare moments, taken from the making of practical instruments he needed for immediate cases, he struggled to create an esophagoscope. The work was heartbreakingly slow, but at last he had one that satisfied him. He first used it in removing a tooth plate swallowed by an adult. When he succeeded in getting a coin out of a child's esophagus, he believed he was ready to tell the medical world about his development.

Eagerly he presented his story to a group of surgeons. The result was tragic. The other physicians hastened to use the instrument, but their efforts resulted in grim failure. The stunned Dr. Jackson tried to find the answer. His new esophagoscope was being condemned as a dangerous, even deadly, instrument.

Now he realized he had made a terrible error—a conclusion that influenced the rest of his life, and made possible his great achievements. He saw that he had overestimated the ability of other men to use his instrument. His own uncanny skill, developed over the years, made the Jackson esophagoscope a safe instrument in his hands, but not in those of men untrained in his methods.

Now he knew he must find ways to teach others. He remembered how he had taught himself as a boy to be ambidextrous. A physician using the new Jackson instrument would need both hands. That could be learned, he thought. Today, Dr. Jackson advocates that parents teach children to use both hands, a useful ability no matter what their later profession. The method is simple—just give the left hand tasks to do, and skill will develop. Detail by detail, Dr. Jackson planned the instructions he would give other doctors.

Meanwhile, his attention had turned to a new challenge. Although the esophagoscope was deemed a failure, other doctors had increased respect for his personal skill. Frequently they called upon him to perform an operation that led to his development of the bronchoscope. Diphtheria patients gasping for breath were saved by the insertion of a silver tube through which they could breathe. Soon the whole process of breathing came to fascinate Dr. Jackson, and he realized he must broaden his field.

Could he develop a tube to reach into the lungs? Here was an area where the X-ray was often helpless, for many types of disease would not show up on the plates. Dr. Jackson knew, too, that swallowed objects such as coins and pins often lodged in the lungs. In many cases the victim would die, for there was no recourse except surgery, which then showed a 98 per cent fatality rate.

As he began to explore the field Dr. Jackson found that a crude start had already been made by a German doctor named Killian, who had constructed a tube for insertion into the lungs. For visibility he used a strong light, reflected down the tube with a mirror. But it was hardly a safe procedure, for one-fourth of Killian's patients died. With this sobering knowledge, Dr. Jackson went to work and gradually fash-

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ioned a tube that seemed right for the task. But there was still that problem of ample light.

The new bronchoscope would permit the passage of delicate instruments that Dr. Jackson had devised, but what good would this do if he had to fumble around in the half-darkness that had baffled Killian? The answer was simple. Why not put a light in the tube too? That was not as easy as it sounds, but Dr. Jackson managed to make a bronchoscope consisting of three tubes, an outer one containing the light, a second tube down which could pass the third one. This third tube was really the instrument itself, something like a pair of scissors with a long thin handle.

The shadow of what had happened with the esophagoscope still hung over Dr. Jackson. This time there must be no mistake. He knew it was not enough to have invented an epochal device: he must also invent a whole technique for using it. Only then could he safely turn it over to the medical profession.

NOW DR. JACKSON well knew that the human lungs contain a veritable jungle of passages. Somehow he had to plot a course through this maze, and devise ways to get the bronchoscope into the most remote places. The experiments that followed required incredible patience.

First he laid out a series of rubber tubes in the form of the bronchial passages. Hour after hour, day after day, Dr. Jackson practiced with those tubes. He would pin an open safety pin in cloth at the end of one tube, just as the pin might be stuck in a human lung. Then he would thrust the bronchoscope down and manipulate the delicate forceps until the pin could be removed without tearing the cloth. Usually he tried to close the pin before drawing it up.

He practiced with every imaginable object that might be swallowed by a human being. Often it seemed impossible to get the object out without injury. Then Dr. Jackson would go back to his little workshop to spend hours devising a new tool. Eventually he developed scores of instruments, all so tiny they could be passed down a tube no bigger than your little finger.

His task of testing, however, had only begun, for now it was necessary to experiment on living creatures. For Dr. Jackson this was a painful trial, for he loves animals as few men do: he has a hatred of seeing any living creature hurt. So he was relieved to discover he could work on anesthetized dogs without injury to them. After thousands of such experiments, he evolved a procedure safe to use on human beings.

Dr. Jackson soon had an opportunity to prove his new technique. A 14-year-old boy had inhaled a scarf pin which lodged in his right lung. Frantic parents took him from one great surgeon to another, but the answer was always the same: "No hope." Finally the mother appealed to Prof. J. Chalmers Da Costa, regarded as one of the greatest surgeons of all time.

"I won't operate," he said, "but there is hope for your boy. Take him to Pittsburgh. Chevalier Jackson will remove the pin." Da Costa alone of the great surgeons had confidence in Jackson's work.

When the boy arrived, Dr. Jackson studied the case for a long time,

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then in a matter of minutes succeeded in doing what all the others had given up. Bronchoscopy and Dr. Jackson were on their way to world fame. There were still many skeptics, but he had a chance to confound them soon afterward when invited to perform a difficult bronchoscopial operation before a gathering of eminent surgeons in Philadelphia.

A girl was dying from a price-tag sticker lodged in her lung. Surgeons had given her up. Many of the men watching Dr. Jackson had never heard of his work, and others were doubtful. One famous surgeon looked in through the porthole of the operating room and said: "Nonsense! A lot of nonsense!"

But the operation was successful. Dr. Jackson knew he could find his way around in any part of the living, breathing human lung. Always, he was amazed when he looked through the bronchoscope. Here was life itself, for he could see the bronchi enlarging and elongating at each indrawn breath, then shorten and contract on expiration. He could feel the heart transmitting vibrations up the long, slim tube to his delicate fingers.

But even then he did not stop. Every case was different. "Simply a problem in mechanics," Dr. Jackson said, but to solve that problem he went to infinite pains. One day years later one of his students asked if he had ever removed a fishhook from a patient's lung. Dr. Jackson replied that he hadn't.

"But do you think you could remove one if you had such a case?" the student persisted.

"Certainly."

"But, Professor," the student demanded, "if you've never done it, how can you be so sure?"

Dr. Jackson smiled in his kindly way. "You are right to ask that," he answered. "I can be sure because I have spent 283 hours in the dissecting room practicing it."

As news of Jackson's great discovery spread, invitations to teach his new technique poured in. He accepted one from Philadelphia, then went on to Paris. Everywhere eager students, many of them famous surgeons in their own right, gathered to hear this man who spoke with such confidence of the devices and techniques he had created. Yet always he taught caution. Do nothing rashly. Be sure. Be sure. The words were like a refrain.

Moreover, he taught the doctors how to be sure, outlining the painstaking methods that today are standard practice among bronchoscopists. There have been few improvements on Dr. Jackson's original work. When he encountered an object that yielded to no instrument, he made a new one. He taught other students to do the same, and today bronchoscopists frequently retire to their workrooms to devise a cunning instrument for one operation.

Dr. Jackson early discovered that it was easier to operate if no anesthetic was used. He had a way with children, and always explained patiently to the child that he must relax, because the doctor could not work if the throat was tightened. Other doctors were amazed at Dr. Jackson's success with youthful patients, but they were able to learn his methods, and advance work became part of the routine preparation for an operation.

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Dr. Jackson attributes much of his success to teamwork. His treatment of associates has always astonished fellow physicians. When famous surgeons called at his office, perhaps after traveling half-way round the world, they would be amazed when Dr. Jackson ceremoniously introduced them to nurses and secretaries.

Typical was the remark of a Negro woman who wheeled patients in and out of the operating room. One morning, after a particularly difficult operation, she commented, "We did a good job this morning, didn't we, Dr. Jackson?"

"Yes," he said, "and the courage you gave that little child, whispering in his ear when you wheeled him in, helped a lot."

Teamwork at the Chevalier Jackson Clinic in Philadelphia has now become a model for clinics everywhere, and Dr. Jackson's views about the importance of every job, no matter how humble, have been accepted. In this connection, the great goal of his life was to start as many clinics as possible. At one time he was simultaneously on the faculties of five different medical colleges in Philadelphia, for he felt he must transmit his knowledge to students who might go out and start clinics of their own. This is exactly what happened.

Besides his never-ending campaign for safe bronchoscopy, Dr. Jackson conducted another crusade which resulted in saving thousands of lives. You can thank Dr. Jackson for the fact that the word POISON is printed on every can of household lye. Yet less than 20 years ago, lye cans went into homes with no indication that here was a terrible caustic capable of destroying the throats of children.

Dr. Jackson knew it, for in designing his first esophagoscope he saw many heart-breaking cases of horribly burned throats. He came to realize the desperate need for a law requiring a warning on lye cans. For 15 years Dr. Jackson gathered materials and prepared exhibits. He persuaded the American Medical Association to establish a militant committee on lye legislation, with himself as chairman. Finally, laws were enacted in 24 states. Then Dr. Jackson tackled the problem of national legislation.

He went to see congressmen, showing them shocking photographs of children dying from the effects of lye. Congressmen found it hard to believe that here was a man with no axe to grind, but after years of delay a bill was passed. When the new law went into effect in 1927, there was a prompt drop in the number of lye-poisoning cases.

FEW PEOPLE, observing Dr. Jackson's tremendous energy, realize that he has had to fight a grim battle against ill health. In 1911, when world fame was beginning to come to him in Pittsburgh, Dr. English, the man who had been his first patient, came in for a throat examination. As he was about to leave he slipped out a stethoscope and placed it against Dr. Jackson's chest.

"Jackson," he said, "I don't like that hacking cough of yours."

A short time later Dr. English announced that it was tuberculosis. To Jackson it seemed as if the world had tumbled around his head. For the first time he was getting ahead financially, and the scrimping his

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wife had uncomplainingly borne was no longer necessary. More important, his work was placing great demands on him—demands he was eagerly fulfilling. Now all that would have to stop! Or would it? . . .

Finally he and Dr. English worked out a plan: he must spend 12 of every 24 hours in bed. Six months later Dr. Jackson was well enough to resume his work completely. In the years that followed, he fought off two more attacks of tuberculosis, but he never lost his cheerfulness or his dogged determination.

Dr. Jackson's whole-souled devotion to his work has frequently astonished colleagues and laymen alike. One acquaintance wrote: "To settle an argument, will you please tell us what pleasure you have in life? Doctor —— says that you do not smoke, drink, dine, dance, visit, hunt, fish, play bridge, golf, tennis or any other game, go out or receive socially, go to baseball or football games, movies, plays or concerts. What in the world do you do with your spare time?"

Dr. Jackson replied simply: "I have no spare time."

Not that Dr. Jackson is a bigoted reformer. He sees much that is good in the world. His own pleasures have been simple and they have been shared by his wife, Alice White Jackson, who throughout the years has understandingly looked after her husband's health. They have one son, Chevalier Lawrence Jackson, who, to Dr. Jackson's joy, became a bronchoscopist. Dr. Jackson has retired from active work at the Clinic but his son is carrying on.

All his life, Dr. Jackson has loved to draw. Often his drawings are medical ones, intricate and accurate, but frequently he draws or paints solely for pleasure. Usually he chooses old houses or other peaceful scenes, depicting them in the warm colors of nature. His lovely old home, 35 miles outside Philadelphia, has been a frequent subject. Here he has spent happy hours making new instruments in his workshop. Here, too, he has enjoyed photography, and the art of making objects of inlaid wood. Many of his medical papers have been written while he floated languidly in a rowboat on an old mill pond. Somehow, he also found time to write his autobiography, *The Life of Chevalier Jackson*, which was published in 1938.

Honors have poured in on Dr. Jackson, for he is a prophet who has been recognized not only in his own country but throughout the entire world. The complete list of his awards and honors would fill pages. Yet throughout it all, he has remained the simple, kindly person that he has always been, unimpressed with fame. He sums up his life of extraordinary service to humanity with a homely little verse:

Like a hick'ry cog
In the old mill wheel,
He did his part
As his turn came 'round.

The worst thing about history is that every time it repeats itself the price goes up. —*Reformatory Pillar*

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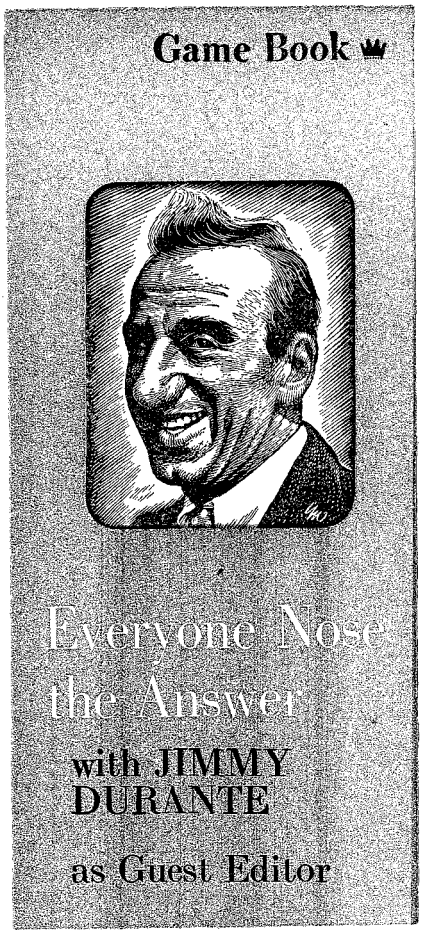

Although Jimmy Durante has made his most prominent feature world-famous, and in fact has run his nose into a million dollars—the most profitable running nose in history—he here presents proof that his is not the only famous one. This quiz has two parts, and every question counts the same. You need 10 correct answers to pass, 14 for a superior score. "Tops" is 15 or better. See page 91 for the solutions.

1. Following are definitions for some figures of speech involving noses; for example, the obvious answer to No. 5 is "as plain as the nose on your face," but there's another answer, too. See if you can figure out what it is.

1. Precisely
2. Defeated by a narrow margin
3. Disdain
4. Control absolutely
5. Very obvious
6. A reformer
7. Be very industrious
8. Prying or inquisitive
9. A bunch of flowers
10. Pay an exorbitant price
11. Tally those present
12. Make a person unpopular

2. Following are some questions about noses. Let's see how many of them you can answer correctly.

13. Whose nose grew longer every time he told a falsehood?
14. What central figure of a heroic comedy by Rostand was most famous for his large nose?
15. How many noses did Janus have?
16. Is an elephant's trunk his nose?
17. How does a goat smell without any nose?

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Let's Turn Detective

This is a sort of detective quiz. In each question you are given four clues and you must name an object that fits them all. For example, No. 3 is a pea. Time yourself on this one: if you can get five right in five minutes you are a first-class detective. Don't feel bad if you get only four—that's average—and give yourself a big pat on the back if you get as many as seven correct. See page 91 for the answers.

1. It's hollow.
It's wood.
It has stops.
It's tuneful.

2. It's paper.
It's purple.
It's perforated.
It's sticky.

3. It's tiny.
It's spherical.
It's green.
It's edible.

4. It's cloth.
It's about 1½ sq. ft.
It's white.
It's carried.

5. It's vaporous.
It's hot.
It's powerful.
It moves.

6. It's infinite.
It's blue.
It's ethereal.
It's untouchable.

7. It's green, black and white.
It's important.
It's sought after.
It's changeable.

8. It's white.
It's hard.
It's buccal.
It bites.

9. It's ubiquitous.
It's invisible.
It's movable.
It's necessary.

10. It's limp.
It's composite.
It's forged.
It's metallic.

This is a Hot One

It burns no coal or oil or other kind of fuel, and is not connected in any way with electrical current. It is not on fire and there are no flames anywhere near it. In spite of all this it is hotter than the inside of the hottest furnace. What is it? If you're stumped on this one, turn to page 91 for the answer. You'll find it's really quite simple.

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What's in a Name?

Ten to one your name or your spouse's name or your friend's name has some old meaning which is all but forgotten today. Can you spot the original meanings of the familiar names in the quiz on this page? Take your choice of the three suggested answers to each question, and if you get five correct you are worthy of your own proud name; six or more correct is exceptionally good. Answers are on page 91.

1. if your name is BUTLER, your ancestors managed the
(a) Dairy
(b) Wine storeroom
(c) Barnyard

2. . . . BOWER, they were
(a) Farmers
(b) Dancing masters
(c) Bankers

3. . . . FLETCHER, they made
(a) Glass
(b) Armor
(c) Arrows

4. . . . JONES, one of them was
(a) John's son
(b) Jonah's son
(c) Joseph's son

5. . . . SMITH, they worked with
(a) Cannons
(b) Shot
(c) Metals

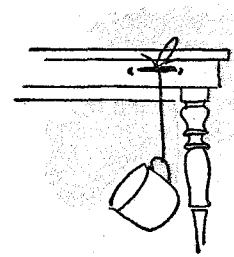
6. . . . O'BRIEN, it meant
(a) Descendant of Brien
(b) Friend of Brien
(c) Resident of Brien

7. . . . MORELAND, they had
(a) Much property
(b) Lakeside property
(c) No property

8. . . . COLLIER, they were
(a) Seamen
(b) Shepherds
(c) Charcoal makers

Jimmy Durante's Best Ice-Breaker

When someone has just fooled you with his pet parlor trick, here's one you can try: tie one end of a string securely around the handle of a coffee cup and the other end to a table, letting the cup hang from the table. Then say you can cut the string between the cup and the table; and the cup won't fall. (Page 91 tells how it's done.)



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Meet February's Great Men

At least two famous men will have their birthdays celebrated this month, and many others whose names are secure in history were born in February. Some are listed below; can you select the year of birth from among the three choices you are offered? You should get at least six right, if memory and gray cells are functioning properly; eight or nine right is excellent. Answers are on page 91.

1. VICTOR HERBERT, FEB. 1
1652
1859
1903

2. FELIX MENDELSSOHN, FEB. 3
1477
1712
1809

3. CHARLES DICKENS, FEB. 7
1743
1812
1881

4. THOMAS A. EDISON, FEB. 11
1800
1847
1891

5. ABRAHAM LINCOLN, FEB. 12
1776
1809
1863

6. CHARLES DARWIN, FEB. 12
1623
1703
1809

7. GALILEO GALILEI, FEB. 15
42 B. C.
800
1564

8. GEORGE WASHINGTON, FEB. 22
1620
1732
1776

9. NICOLAUS COPERNICUS, FEB. 19
1473
1688
1828

10. HENRY LONGFELLOW, FEB. 27
1742
1807
1864

The King's English

Start with any letter. Move one square at a time in any direction and try to spell out a common English word of four or more letters. For example, you can start with W in the upper left-hand corner and spell *word*. Do not use proper names; do not form plurals by adding "s" to three-letter words; do not use the same letter twice in one word. Par on this one is 33 words in 30 minutes. Our word-list (page 91) has 42 words; can you get more?

W	D	I	F	G
H	O	R	T	Q
N	B	Z	U	S
A	M	L	P	E
J	V	Y	C	X

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Everyone Nose the Answer

1.
1. On the nose
2. Win by a nose, or nose out
3. Turn up one's nose at, or look down one's nose
4. Lead by the nose
5. Under one's nose
6. Bluenose
7. Keep one's nose to the grindstone
8. Nosy
9. Nosegay
10. Pay through the nose
11. Count noses
12. Put his nose out of joint

2.
13. Pinocchio's
14. Cyrano de Bergerac
15. Two. He was a two-faced Roman god.
16. Yes.
17. Terrible.

Let's Turn Detective

1. A flute, or other woodwind instrument.
2. A regular 3-cent stamp.
3. A pea.
4. A handkerchief.
5. Steam.
6. The sky.
7. Paper money.
8. A tooth.
9. Air.
10. A chain.

Meet February's Great Men

1. Herbert, 1859
2. Mendelssohn, 1809
3. Dickens, 1812
4. Edison, 1847
5. Lincoln, 1809
6. Darwin, 1809
7. Galileo, 1564
8. Washington, 1732
9. Copernicus, 1473
10. Longfellow, 1807

What's in a Name?

1. (b) A butler was a dignitary in charge of the buttery, or stock of wine.
2. (a) Bower is from German *bauer*, farmer.
3. (c) Arrows.
4. (a) John's son.
5. (c) Metals.
6. (a) O' means descendant of.
7. (b) "More" is a later spelling of moor.
8. (c) Charcoal makers (or miners).

Jimmy Durante's Best Ice-Breaker

Tie a loop in the string, then make your cut in the loop.

This is a Hot One

The sun.

The King's English

ablution	brow	lust	questionably	surf
ably	cest	manor	rift	trio
abort	clue	navy	ruse	trod
blue	dhow	nobly	rust	trow
blur	dirt	pest	spur	true
blurt	drift	putrid	spurt	truly
bort	fiord	quest	stir	turf
bortz	jamb	question	stulm	word
	lurid		stupe	

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The great, the near-great and even the unknowns of the theatrical world have been dressed for the stage by Brooks

Costumers to the Nation

by LAWRENCE LADER

THE DRAMATIC COACH at a large Eastern university was desperate. Three days before the opening night of *Quality Street*, in which the great Maude Adams had starred on Broadway back in 1902, his 19-year-old leading lady was going through rehearsals with as much inspiration as a cat taking a bath. Hour after hour he shouted at her, pleaded with her, gave her every pep-talk in the book. Nothing seemed to help.

Then the costumes arrived from the Brooks Costume Company, Inc., in New York. The leading lady slipped into a swirling white gown. Pinned to the shoulder was a note from Brooks: "This is one of our favorites. It was worn by Maude Adams herself on opening night."

As though a charge of electricity had passed through her, the leading lady stood before a mirror, a little taller, a little more beautiful. When she spoke, her words came strong and clear. When she walked across the stage, it was as though Maude Adams walked with her. The coach's worries were over. On opening night the young leading lady gave the finest performance of her life.

Costumes from Brooks, which go out all over the country at the rate of 180 trunkfuls a week, are an indispensable part of the American theater. Without them, few of the thousands of amateur productions in every city and town could be presented. Without them, the stages in local high schools and auditoriums would be empty. Without them, even the best actors and actresses would have no audience. Yet the amateurs rent this lavish and glittering finery at only a fraction of the original Broadway cost.

The doublet and sword John Barrymore wore as Hamlet in 1924 may be swashbuckling today across a village stage in Ohio. The urchin's dress Lynn Fontanne wore

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for *Pygmalion* in her 1926 triumph, the dashing braids and epaulets Alfred Lunt sported in *The Guardsman* back in 1925, may be costuming a Parents and Teachers play in Nevada. Brooks' costumes go to high schools and college groups, to women's clubs and Rotary jamborees, to firemen's fancy-dress balls and churches. And since 1918, Brooks has filled requests from all over the country without being stumped on a single order.

Customers ask Brooks for every type of costume that has been conceived by playwrights from Aeschylus to Maxwell Anderson, from Shakespeare to Sherwood. They ask for Egyptian dancing girls and French "can-cans," for medieval armor and Victorian bustles. Nothing is beyond the imagination. For the organ grinder in one production, they asked not only for the costume and organ but for a live monkey as well.

Requests arrive at every hour of the day and night. At 3 o'clock one afternoon, a New York high-school producer rushed into Brooks for an 1890 wedding gown that had to be available by 7 P.M. Brooks had dozens of wedding gowns, but not a single one from 1890. By taking parts of their '85 and '95 models, however, Brooks managed to make up one authentic model—with an hour to spare.

CUSTOMERS CALL FOR every conceivable item for every conceivable purpose. After the war ended and full-dress naval weddings returned to style, a frantic Navy lieutenant rushed into Brooks. He was getting married that afternoon with all the pomp and ceremony of attendants' crossed swords. But the lieutenant had scoured New York and couldn't find a sword for himself. In two minutes Brooks not only located a sword but also gave him a gold saber knot.

Even when they ask for the "impossible," Brooks supplies it. For a fancy-dress ball, the hostess insisted that the costumes be made from the front page of the morning newspaper. Brooks' tailors cut the pattern in advance on plain white cloth. On the day of the party they rushed the cloth to the New York *Times*, ran it through the presses with page-one headlines on the front of each costume, and had them ready to wear by evening.

The place from which all these miracles flow is an eight-story building at 44th Street and the Avenue of the Americas in New York. Outside, thousands of feet clatter along all day and night. Taxis honk, jazz floats up from sidewalk record shops. A block away lies the glitter of Broadway. All around is a sea of noise and motion. Yet it is nothing compared to the tornado that rages through Brooks.

The center of the tornado is the third-floor fitting room, surrounded by a dozen dressing rooms where the Rockettes may be trying on costumes for next week's show. At one end of the room is a small stage where Ethel Merman may be appraising a new gown for *Annie Get Your Gun*. Designers and producers mill about, a fitter rushes up with a mouth full of pins, stock girls push their way through, arms loaded with costumes.

This is where Broadway meets Main Street. This is where Sonja Henie bumps into the dramatic

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club from Marymount College, where Billy Rose rushes past J. W. Miller of Northwestern University, where Frank Short of Riverdale School squeezes his actors into a dressing room next to three squealing chorines from the Copacabana Club's revue. For Brooks is not only the largest costumer of amateur productions in the world, but has been dressing Broadway shows for 35 years. Side by side stand the amateur producer from Main Street with a budget of $1,500 and the New York producer with $100,000.

On the fourth floor are hundreds of bins, where Brooks keeps 110,000 rentable costumes. Walking from bin to bin, you step through the centuries. In one bin are Egyptian dancing girls, next to them the leg o' mutton sleeves of the Middle Ages, across the way the hoopskirts of Colonial grandeur. Packed in boxes are gloves, petticoats, parasols, hats and other accessories to go with each period.

The men's department at Brooks is virtually as large and complete as the women's.

Amidst the reminiscent gloom of the bins, Broadway seems far away. Joan of Arc and Julius Caesar, Henry IV and Mary Queen of Scots are much more real. Shakespeare's courtiers brawl again in London taverns. Romeo stands beneath his balcony, and the Florodora girls sing their way across the stage. Every character, every disguise that a dramatic group could think up is here, waiting to be brought to life.

When mail orders come in, they go to Elizabeth Burton, whose office is just off the fitting room. Holy Trinity Church in New York wants costumes for *Harriet*. Juniata College in Pennsylvania is doing *Pride and Prejudice*. The University of Missouri is putting on *Angel Street*. Mrs. Burton, who has been with Brooks for 26 years, and her staff can put their hands on any costume in two minutes.

To every producer Mrs. Burton sends two blanks, one for male, the other for female measurements. Some producers are sent a third blank for the measurements of female impersonators. The 12 measurements requested enable Brooks to fit costumes perfectly, thousands of miles away. There is additional space on the blanks for "Remarks," usually used to describe individual color or stylistic preferences. But some producers go further, jotting down comments like "big, brown eyes" or "Mae Westy."

Although every order is carefully checked, Mrs. Burton admits that a mistake can happen. Last July, a typist making up a St. Louis order for *The Vagabond King* forgot to include costumes for the second act. When the trunks arrived in St. Louis, the producer discovered the omission and telephoned frantically. By working far into the night Brooks dispatched the added costumes to St. Louis; they arrived three hours before curtain time.

But 99 per cent of the errors come from the customers' end. One school, which requested at the same time costumes for *Arsenic and Old Lace* and a Thanksgiving pageant, got the dates switched. As a result the Pilgrim costumes arrived in time for *Arsenic*. Yet the actors insisted on going ahead, and on opening night two elderly lady murderers strutted about the stage in prim,

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gray Pilgrim weeds while Boris Karloff grimaced and Teddy Roosevelt roared above the stately white collars of 1640.

Despite grease-paint and glamour, Brooks is a big business. The costumes it rents each week to 180 shows, ranging from a small drama with a cast of six to a lavish musical of 200, bring in as much as $2,500 a day, or close to $16,000 a week. The yearly gross from amateur rentals alone runs over $800,000.

Back in 1906, when the company was founded by Ely Stroock, Brooks never thought of renting costumes. Its business was uniforms. Since most of the uniforms were English-styled, for chauffeurs, doormen or ushers, the name of Brooks was adopted because it smacked of solid London tradition. Actually, in its 40 years of existence, no one by the name of Brooks has ever been connected with the company.

In the early days Brooks' biggest customers were a dozen South American countries which liked to dress their regiments in fancy uniforms. Every time a new revolution broke out, which was pretty frequently, Brooks had to whip up a new set of uniforms, outdoing the previous set in lavishness. "The minute the papers carried the news of another revolution," a Brooks man recalls, "we started on new designs. Sure enough, a week or so later, the order always came in."

In 1908, James Stroock, son of Ely Stroock and now president of the company, came to Brooks. But it wasn't until three years later, when Charles Dillingham ordered uniforms for the chorus of a Hippodrome extravaganza, that the company went into the theatrical business. The rental of costumes came later, and by accident. When producer Charles Frohman went down on the *Lusitania*, the executors of his estate offered to sell his collection of costumes. Brooks looked over the magnificent gowns that had been worn by stars like Maude Adams and Ethel Barrymore, and decided to buy the collection.

Today, James Stroock is a silver-haired, smiling man of 55. His partner is genial, soft-spoken Abram Blumberg, who has been rushing around the corridors since 1919. He first came to Brooks as a naval officer in World War I, when he ordered a uniform. He liked it so well he returned again and again, and ultimately was invited into the firm.

During their 27-year partnership, Stroock and Blumberg have probably worked with more producers and directors than anyone else in America. In the last year alone they dressed more than two-thirds of Broadway's biggest shows, including *Carousel*, *St. Louis Woman* and *Are You With It?* Although most amateur productions rent costumes, occasionally they can afford to have them made to order, and call on Brooks to do the job.

THE MAKING OF A DURABLE costume is an intricate job. Unlike the average garment, costumes are worn many times a week and put through stresses and strains that demand a combination of fine materials and painstaking workmanship.

A costume starts with the designer, a rare offspring of the theatrical profession who is one of the most meticulous people on earth. The designer not only makes the

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original design but supervises every step along the way, from the selection of material and fittings to the sewing and final "dress parade." Every stitch, every line, must meet specifications.

Yet before a designer even lifts a pencil, he goes through exhausting research. Ernest Schrapps, Brooks' staff designer, keeps a library of hundreds of books which he consults to make sure that the dresses for *Song of Norway* are authentic, or that Henry II's sword is a replica of the monarch's arms.

Once a designer has made sketches in pencil and watercolor they go to Ethel Swan, in charge of Brooks' workroom. Mrs. Swan, an efficient, motherly woman who has been with Brooks 25 years, makes an estimate of the material needed and asks the designer for approval of each sample.

Under Mrs. Swan are six fitters, each of whom supervises three to six drapers, who in turn have their own finishers. In the busiest season as many as 250 women crowd the workroom. Scissors snip noisily, sewing machines hum. Fitters rush around to put final touches on the muslin pattern draped on a mannikin.

Yet despite top-speed work, the costuming of a complete show is a slow and laborious job. *Ice Time*, for instance, took almost six weeks. Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus, which requires 1,000 costumes, takes three months.

After the final "dress parade" on the fitting-room stage, costumes go to the packing department, to be put in large trunks with tissue paper to make sure that every crease and every fold is left exactly as made. Packing is an art. Whether the trunk is going to a theater around the corner or to California, the costumes must arrive in perfect condition ready to be examined by thousands of critical eyes.

The impression that little Nell Jones makes when she steps out before a Main Street audience of parents and friends is just as important to Stroock and Blumberg as the "ohs" and "ahs" which greet Gertrude Lawrence on opening night. So, in a sense, Brooks' chief responsibility is to the thousands of amateur productions throughout the country. For they are the theater of the people. No matter how small their stage, how inexperienced their cast, their production can look like Broadway if it has the right costumes.

For the last 27 years, Brooks has seen to it that they have them—inexpensively and quickly.

The American Way

AT A MIDTOWN Chicago hotel a man was seen rushing around in the revolving door early one morning. When he showed no signs of letting up, the clerk stopped him and asked for an explanation.

"This," explained the guest, "is the run I take before breakfast."

"Why not run down the street instead?" asked the clerk.

"I can't," said the man, "I'm expecting an important phone call!"

—IRVING HOFFMAN

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ICELAND

Our Good Neighbor to the North

by GENE GAFFNEY

Here is an accurate picture, stripped of popular misconceptions, of one of the world's strongholds of democracy

WHEN FRIENDLY BRITISH occupation troops landed in Iceland during the war, natives smiled at their bright polar-bear shoulder insignia. To the British commander, a local wag remarked: "The only time we see polar bears here, General, is when one of them strays over from Greenland."

The incident emphasizes one of the world's great myths. To the average person the name Iceland conjures up visions of an Arctic territory whose Eskimo-like inhabitants live in igloos, subsist on whale blubber and wear bulky furs. Actually, Iceland's climate tempered by the Gulf Stream compares favorably with that of the northwestern United States, while its people are among the most enlightened and progressive in the world.

The popular fiction regarding the people, habits and climate of Ice-

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land receives its greatest impetus from Iceland's geographic position in the North Atlantic. But a Viking prince named Ingolfur Arnarsson must be credited with a formidable assist in creating the myth.

Arnarsson, Iceland's first settler, sailed west from Europe's Viking coast about 874 A.D. Sighting land he put a wooden throne overboard, announcing he would build his home wherever it drifted ashore. When it appeared in the spot where Reykjavik now stands, Arnarsson created visions of snow, ice and cold by naming the place Iceland. The name, he thought, would discourage potential visitors, especially political enemies from the European mainland.

More than a thousand years later —in June, 1944—Iceland became an independent republic, severing itself from Denmark in a popular referendum. It was fitting that the first "new nation" to rise from the ashes of World War II should be this remote territory of 40,437 square miles, since it is a land of famous firsts. It probably was the world's first republic because the Icelandic Commonwealth, grandmother of parliaments, was founded there in 930. It was the scene of the first trial by jury, the first census. Surprisingly, the country has practically no illiteracy, no poverty, no crime, no unemployment, no Army, no Navy, no railroads.

Americans are proud that their Constitution guarantees freedom of speech, of press, of assembly, of religion. But Icelanders enjoyed these freedoms, under an unwritten Constitution, as early as the Tenth Century. Among other things, the Icelandic "Bill of Rights" requires that municipal relief be provided for the poor, and forbids enactment of laws conferring any privileges of nobility, title or rank. What's more, the country's women have been voting in some areas since 1882, almost 40 years before the U.S. granted the franchise to the distaff side. In 1915, the franchise was granted to all women in Iceland.

One popular notion has it that Icelanders are stolid and melancholy. Actually they respond to emotional stimuli just like you and me, being happy or sad as circumstances dictate. Yet the Icelander might be excused an occasional bout with melancholia when we consider his history, liberally sprinkled with tragedy.

Like America's Pilgrims, Iceland's settlers were refugees from Europe's tyranny. Moreover, Barbary pirates used to invade Iceland centuries ago, carrying off the populations of whole towns to be sold in African slave marts. Another somber note was added by Mount Laki, one of hundreds of volcanoes on the island, which once spewed forth molten lava for five months, killing several thousand Icelanders in one of the greatest natural disasters in history.

Today American soldiers rate Iceland's blonde, blue-eyed girls among the world's most beautiful. GI's manifested their approval of Icelandic pulchritude with whistles and gestures imported from Main Street, U.S.A. These American customs weren't too well received at first, giving the impression that Icelanders were cold and aloof, yet statistics prove that the GI eventually surmounted the social barriers. When the ban against mar-

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riage between Icelandic girls and American soldiers was lifted, 135 couples went to the altar. Many of the brides are now in the U. S.

American esthetes will be amazed to hear that Icelanders are the best-read people anywhere. Per capita, more books are published in Iceland than in any other country. For the edification of its 130,000 population, living in an area a little smaller than Pennsylvania, more than 100 periodicals are published. These include 16 newspapers.

In the U. S. or England, only the university scholar has the reputation for speaking flawless English, yet in Iceland a knock on the nearest door is likely to bring someone who speaks the native tongue perfectly. While new words have been added to the vocabulary over the years, they are derivatives. Each term is clear in itself, so a dictionary has never been published for the natives.

In 1944, when Icelanders went to the polls to vote on independence, the turnout had the appearance of a modern crusade. Ninety-eight per cent of the eligibles left their cities, villages and farms to cast ballots. Only 377 votes were cast against independence; 71,122 for it.

BARELY TOUCHING the Arctic Circle and lying astride the 20th degree of West Longitude, invisible border of the Western Hemisphere, Iceland is geographically closer to Europe, yet politically it leans toward America. Only once has it had cause to rue a political affinity with us. In the early '20s and '30s, Iceland took a page from the American book and experimented with Prohibition. Icelanders, too, lived to regret it, voting repeal in 1935.

Shaped like a rough oval, Iceland is 298 miles long and 194 miles wide, with a coastline liberally indented with fjords. Only one of its eight towns, Rifstangi, lies in the Arctic Zone. Some 500 miles southeast are the heatherclad hills of northern Scotland; 680 miles east is Bergen, Norway; 2,600 miles southwest, New York City.

About one-fourth of Iceland is inhabited; the rest consists of elevated deserts, lava streams and glaciers. It has no forest land worthy of the name, yet hundreds of lakes and the ocean are a paradise for fishermen, being liberally stocked with cod, herring, salmon and trout.

Although snow-capped mountains brood majestically over this land of contradictions, American troops were pleasantly surprised to discover that Reykjavik, except for the reek of drying cod, might be a harbor on our New England coast. Its shop windows resemble those of Gary, Indiana. Its concrete buildings and paved roads might be those of any U. S. small town. With fish, meat, wool and furs flowing to American and European markets, Iceland is prosperous.

It was from Iceland that Leif Ericson pushed off in 1,000 A.D. for the colonization of America, a settlement near today's Bedford, Massachusetts, that didn't take. Previously, a group of Irish explorers had paid a cursory visit to Iceland in 795, deciding promptly that its territory was too forbidding for colonization. When Arnarsson and his aristocratic refugees arrived almost 100 years later, they were

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intrigued by the landmarks that discouraged the Irishmen—the mountains and glaciers, which reflected to them a Viking characteristic of ruggedness. Persona non grata on the European mainland and out of touch with the world, it soon became apparent to Icelanders that their culture was the only mark of nobility they could retain. Thus the high degree of it apparent in Iceland today.

Icelanders quickly turned their backs on political Europe, planting the seeds of democracy in the New World by setting up their lawmaking body, the Althing, which translated literally means "general parliament." Members soon wrote into law that all men were created equal, that the dignity of man had to be respected, that trials were to be conducted by jury, that the poor had to be provided for.

This democratic government managed to hold out against the Dark Ages for more than 300 years. Then in 1262 the island was conquered by Norway, which dissolved the Althing and reduced the country to a minor province. Conditions didn't improve for Icelanders in 1380, when the Danish yoke fell on both Iceland and Norway. By 1874, however, Iceland had obtained increased independence through a new Constitution and, in 1918, it became a sovereign nation with Denmark.

The Althing, which celebrated its 1,000th anniversary in 1930, now is composed of 52 members. Upper and lower houses have equal constitutional power. Anyone who can vote is eligible for a seat, and most governments are coalitions, members being chosen from the country's four parties—Conservatives, Social Democrats, Communists and Progressives.

To vote, an Icelander must be 21 years of age, a resident of the country for five years preceding the election, must be capable of managing his own affairs and be free of criminal stigma. Secret balloting is the rule in all elections.

BECAUSE THE GOVERNMENT subsidizes individuals of outstanding creative ability, Iceland is a Utopia for the artist, writer or composer. Regular government payments relieve the creative worker of the responsibility of making a living. A few years ago the government voted funds to build an honorary residence for Johannes Kjarval, popular artist. Sculptor Einar Jónsson, whose statue of Leif Ericson stands in Philadelphia's Fairmont Park, was similarly rewarded.

Schools are few in the rural districts of thinly-populated Iceland, yet elementary education has been provided for the very poorest. Only the mentally defective are unable to read and write. Education is compulsory between seven and fourteen years of age, and parents and guardians are compelled to instruct a child during those years if no school is within reach.

Standing on finely-landscaped grounds in Reykjavik is a unique institution of higher learning—the University of Iceland, offering degrees in medicine, law, engineering, dentistry, theology, philosophy and the liberal arts. It is unique because a four-year course costs only $2, the institution being supported by a national lottery. Icelanders don't respond enthusiastically to a gam-

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bling come-on, yet almost everyone buys a lottery ticket each year as a patriotic gesture. More than $1,500,000 has been paid out in prize money, while the university has netted some $340,000 for new construction.

Iceland's moral code parallels our own, with one striking exception. Among the lower classes, an unmarried girl may announce that she is to become a mother without causing a ripple on the social waters. There are no illegitimate children in Iceland because the law doesn't brand children out of wedlock as such. Natives treat the subject of "illegitimacy" with a casualness that is surprising, to say the least, to an outsider.

The country's progress in social legislation has fostered contentment among the populace. Through legislation, the government has eliminated many economic worries that plague the lower and middle classes in other countries. For instance, the Icelander doesn't have to worry about his ability to pay the cost of illness. His government makes health insurance compulsory, dividing the cost among the individual, his town and the Commonwealth. A free hospital bed has been provided for every 110 of population, children get free examinations for tuberculosis, and the country has the lowest infant mortality rate in the world.

Eating a meal in Iceland is both a gastronomic delight and a nightmare, as American soldiers discovered. For sheer taste, there is nothing like Iceland's pastry and coffee. But its fish, through home processing, is treated until it develops the toughness of shoe leather. And the beer with which Icelanders wash it down isn't very potent, containing only one per cent alcohol.

A writer once was unkind enough to say that Icelandic fish tastes like "the skin off the soles of one's feet." And not a single American serviceman has been known to rise to the defense of the Icelandic chef. But it tickled Americans to watch Icelanders carry their love for sugar to the extreme of sprinkling it on mashed potatoes.

THE CAPITAL, REYKJAVIK, meaning "Bay of Smokes," stands at the end of a wide bay, behind two mountainous headlands. Settler Arnarsson gave the city its name when he sighted wisps of smoke rising from the famed hot springs with which the city and environs are liberally endowed. These hot springs are Iceland's most publicized claim to fame abroad.

At home, they have been exploited for the common good, in view of the lack of domestic coal. Not long ago a cloth mill started heating its buildings by piping 170-degree water from the springs. The venture was so successful that most homes in the city now are heated that way as part of a public-works program. Hot-water shafts have been driven as deep as 2,100 feet into the red lava of the countryside, in the same way that we extract oil from America's rich earth.

The springs have made it possible for Iceland to grow even semi-tropical fruits and vegetables. With post-war air transport booming, Iceland's greenhouses may soon provide Europe's flower shops with blooms as fine as those formerly imported from the French Riviera;

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Iceland's engineers also hope that each home will some day have an automatic dishwasher and a miniature greenhouse.

To all outward appearances, Reykjavik resembles other metropolitan centers. Its residents wear clothing similar to ours, they bustle about in the same manner. Streets are wide and well-kept, reflecting the Icelandic characteristic of thrift. Buildings are constructed of steel and reinforced concrete. Its stores carry foreign products, including gowns with Paris labels.

Only in transportation has Iceland lagged behind. Before 1854, you couldn't ship anything to Iceland from Europe or the U. S. without trans-shipping at Copenhagen. Today, pony-drawn carts and automobiles carry the bulk of traffic. Coastwise steamers touch practically every home port while other vessels make regular trips to America and Europe.

Iceland apparently intends to carve a place for herself in the international air picture, since she sent a delegation to the recent aviation conference in Chicago. If the U. S. has her way, Iceland may be a key spot in the American skein of outer defenses now being organized. But so far Iceland has resisted our overtures in an effort to maintain her traditional neutrality.

Like Sweden, Iceland labored to maintain neutrality during World War II. But unlike Sweden, Iceland favored the Allies by providing a formidable base from which to keep the convoy routes open to Russia. If the Germans had beaten America and Britain to the occupation of Iceland, it would have given the Nazis an air-base within easy reach of Newfoundland and Canada. Even New York City could have been threatened with air attacks.

But Iceland saw to it that the Allies arrived first. Germany's revenge was the sinking of Icelandic ships, including the country's largest liner, the *Godafoss*. Today Iceland knows she has hitched her wagon to the right political star, opening the way to enter the United Nations. She is not eligible now because of her neutrality. But everyone knows it is just a matter of time before the doors are spread wide for this democratic good neighbor of the North Atlantic.

Pattern for Tomorrow?

PROF. CHARLES A. BEARD relates the story of a young doctor who returned to the village of his birth and called upon the old family physician.

"I suppose that you intend to specialize," remarked the older man.

"Oh, yes," replied the youth, "in the diseases of the nose; for the ears and throat are too complicated to be combined with the nose for purposes of study and treatment."

Thereupon the family physician inquired: "Which nostril are you concentrating on?" —*Thesaurus of Anecdotes*, edited by EDMUND FULLER; *Crown Publishers*

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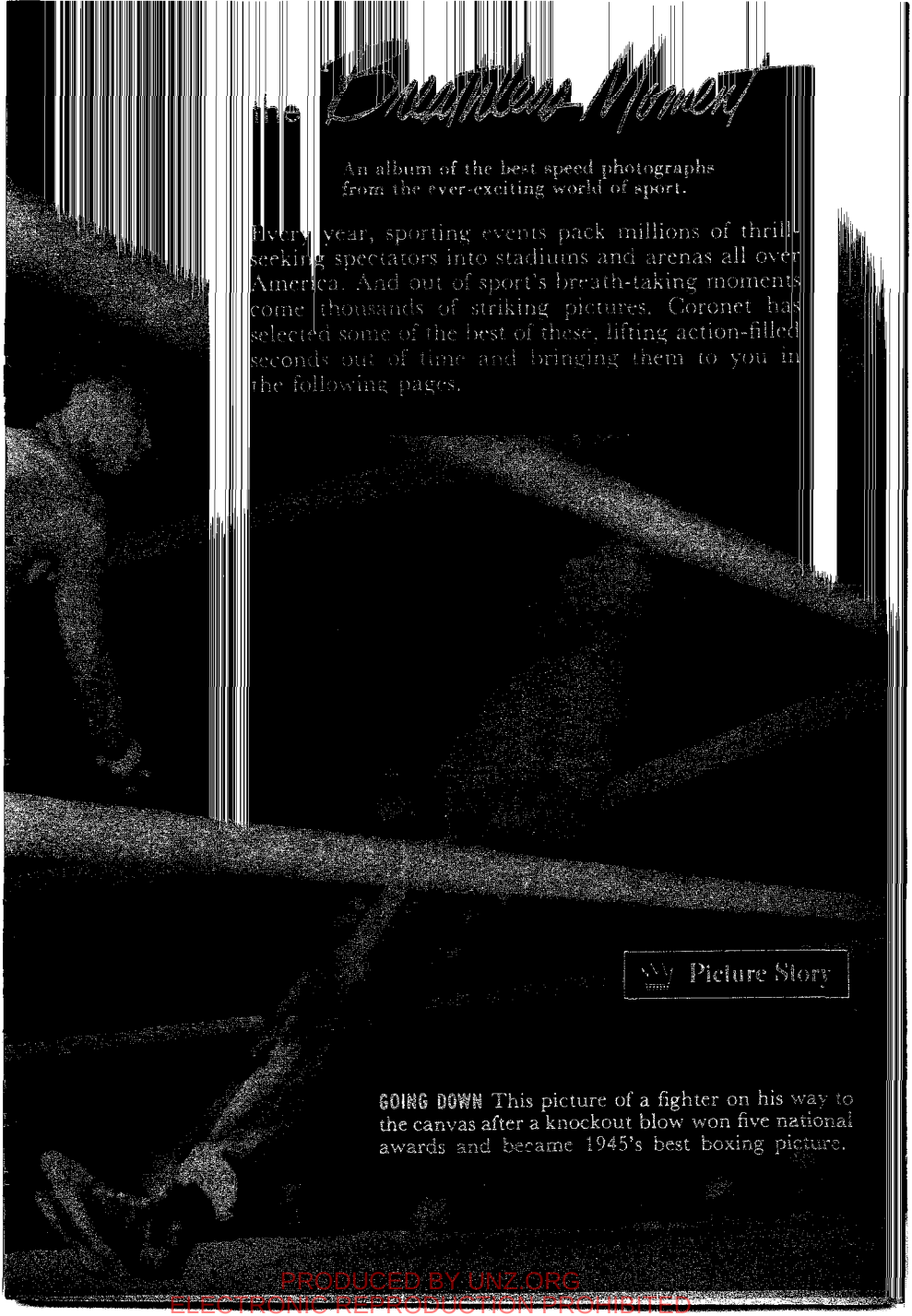
The Greatest Moment

An album of the best speed photographs from the ever-exciting world of sport.

Every year, sporting events pack millions of thrill-seeking spectators into stadiums and arenas all over America. And out of sport's breath-taking moments come thousands of striking pictures. Coronet has selected some of the best of these, lifting action-filled seconds out of time and bringing them to you in the following pages.



Picture Story

GOING DOWN This picture of a fighter on his way to the canvas after a knockout blow won five national awards and became 1945's best boxing picture.

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NOSE DIVE A frenzied collision of two thoroughbreds, during a Belmont Park steeplechase, provided the spectators—and the cameraman—with a vivid picture of the tension-packed "sport of kings."

SPEEDING DEATH Racing drivers look for death at every turn of the track. Unlucky Lou Webb was killed as his car, going over 100 miles an hour, smashed to pieces an instant after this picture was taken.

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FLYING STEER Flipping his rider off his back, a furious, charging steer pulled a turnabout and leaped over the dismounted cowboy. This amazing picture is typical of the rip-roaring rodeo.

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HEAVE A split second of intense exertion is imprisoned in this scene of a shot-putter in action. A picture of outstanding muscular co-ordination, it reveals the essence of modern track competition.

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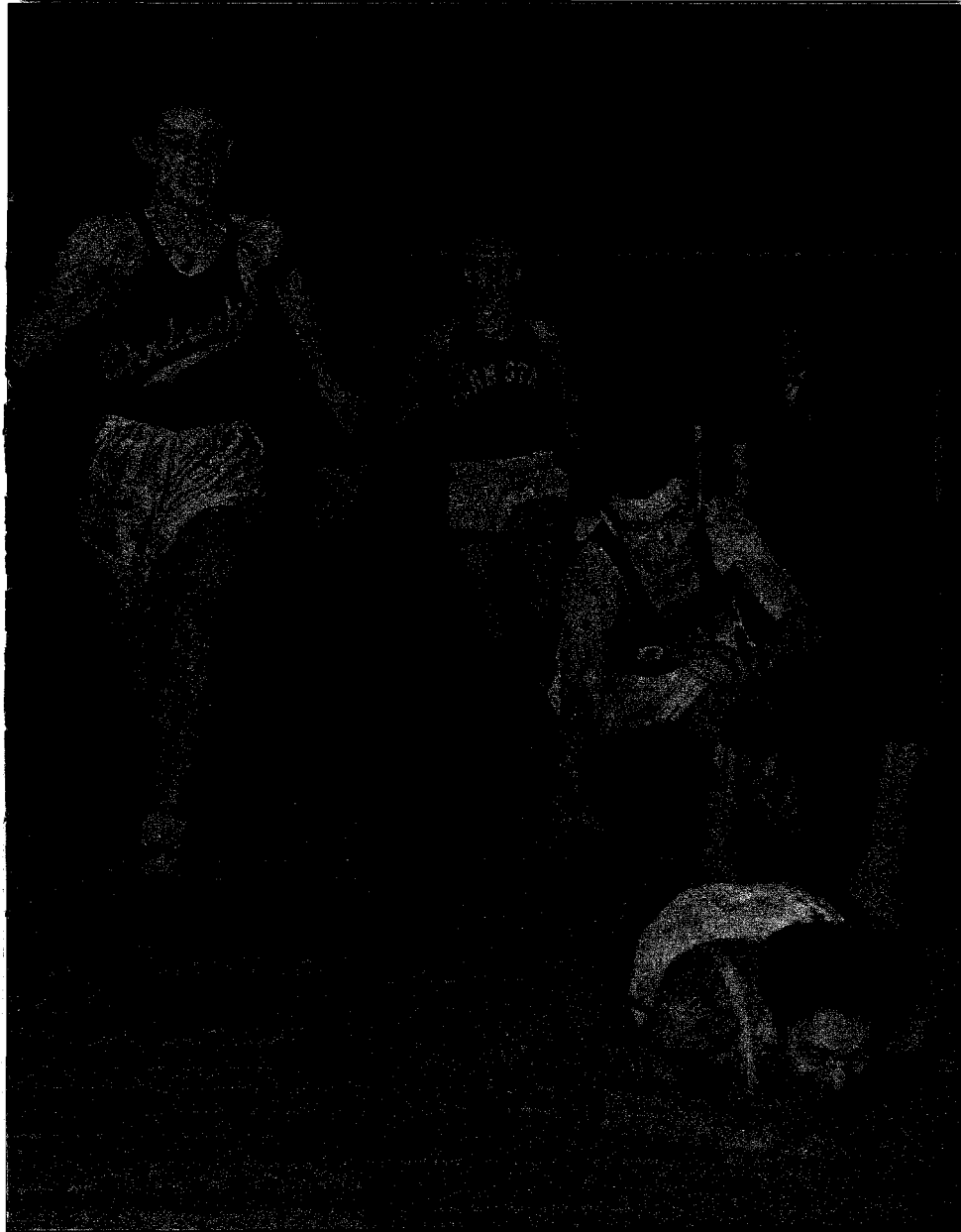

PLUNGE It is the final moment that counts, when the fragile tape is within gasping distance. Here, two track stars stumble and fall, losing a 1,000-yard race in a heartbreaking attempt at victory.

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FACE TO FACE Sometimes the whole outcome of a rugged soccer game depends on the fighting perseverance of the goalie. Powerless to stop an onrushing ball, this goalie grimaces with frustration and strain.

GRAB There are rare instants when a sport pays off in satisfaction. Here is such a moment frozen on film as Army's Arnold Tucker triumphantly knocks down a pass intended for a Notre Dame end.

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SPEED ON ICE This glimpse of one suspended second in the whipping action of an American Hockey League cup game proclaims the reason for the soaring popularity of ice hockey—fastest team game on earth.

WATER WHIZ Spectators often see only the rhythmic ease of a swimmer cutting through the water. But a close-up of Steve Wozniak, distance champion, is evidence of the exhaustive effort which makes a winner.

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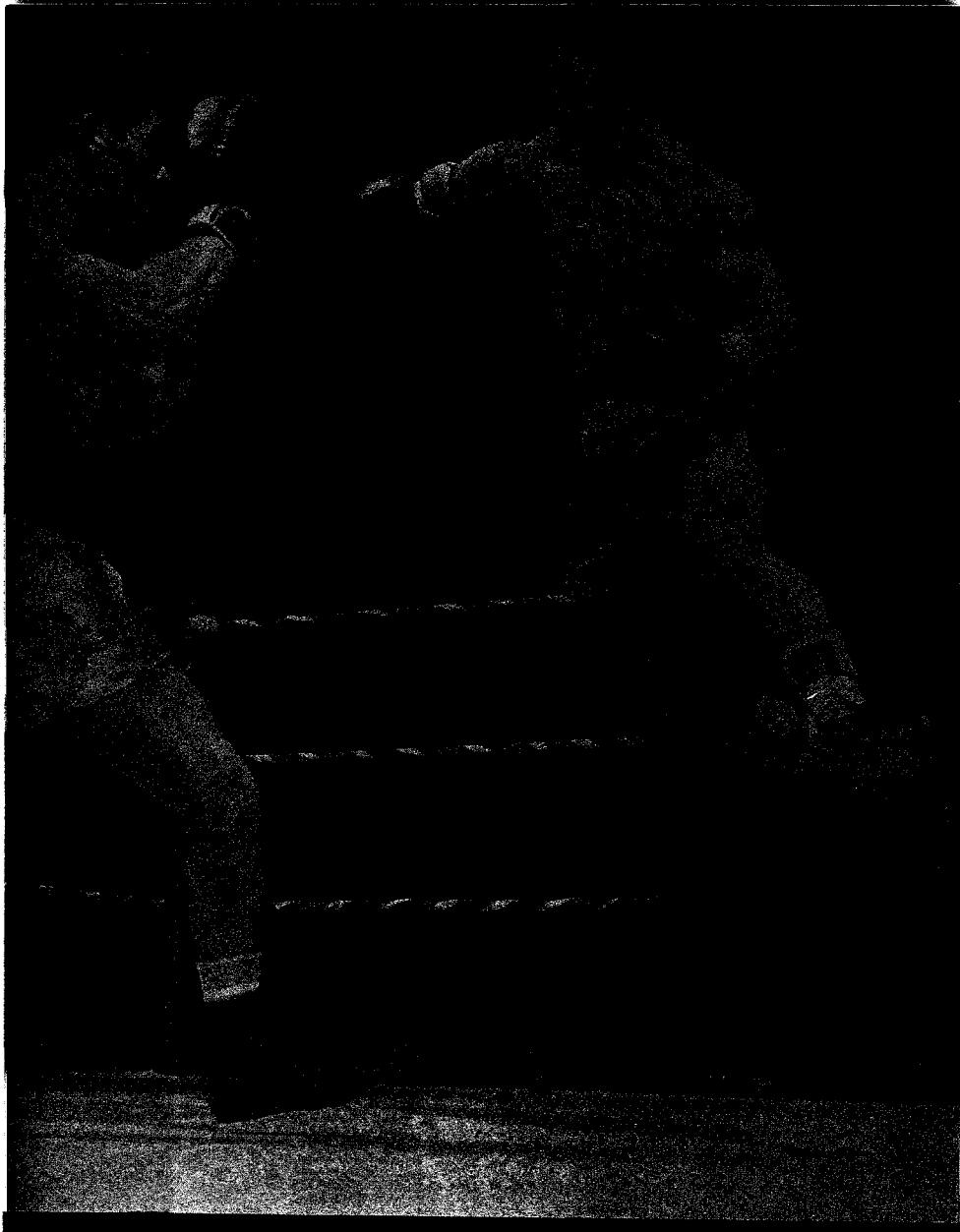

GOLDEN GLOVES For vibrant action, there's nothing better than the amateur fights. Here, a spunky youngster energetically maneuvers in mid-air with flailing fists. But for all his valiant effort he lost the bout.

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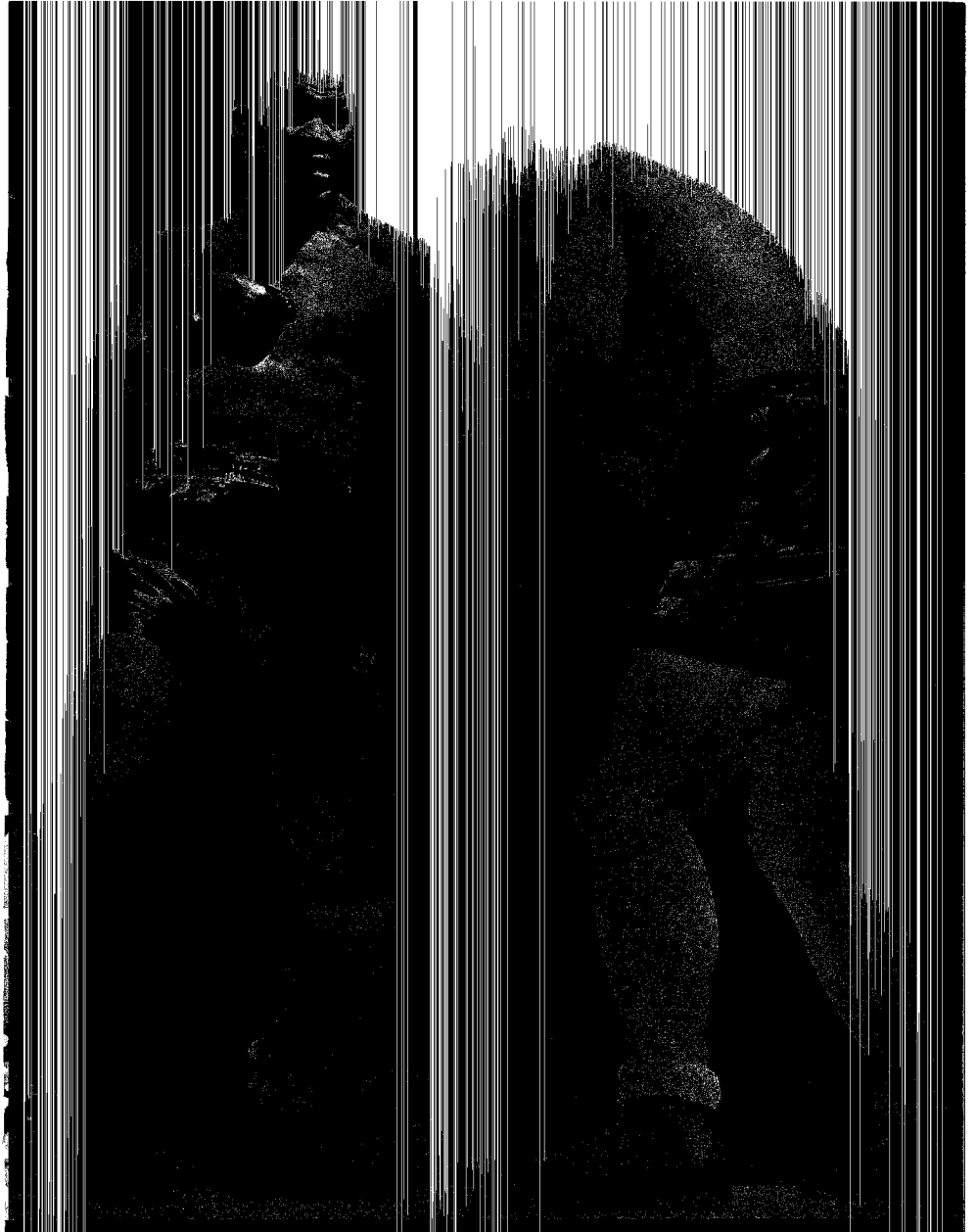

BOMBER This dynamic photograph of a champion, pile-driving a left to the bespattered face of his opponent, forcefully points to the firm, sure technique which a boxer acquires by experience and courage.

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HANDS OFF Here, reflecting deep disappointment, an Ohio State basketball player was stopped short by a tight-lipped expert from Kentucky, whose deft hands kept the ball out of his opponent's reach.

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TARGET In another of basketball's lightning-fast high spots, a seven-foot Oklahoman and a speedy little Long Island man grab for the elusive ball to make one of the game's most powerful pictures.

NEAR MISS Without constant control, tennis form is wasted in futile action. Flinging himself desperately after the ball, an agile South American loses his chance for a smashing return—by bare inches.

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"I WAS ROBBED" After a nerve-shattering contest, the impact of defeat often comes unexpectedly to an exhausted athlete. Here, Abe Simon roars puzzled disappointment at a referee's final decision.

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How to Live with Others—and Like It

With common-sense adjustments, home can still be home no matter how crowded

by EMILY LAWRENCE

"WHERE HAVE ALL these people come from? Where did they live before?" You have probably heard these questions hundreds of times in the past year, for the housing shortage is America's most overworked peg of conversation. But for 20 to 25 million families, the housing shortage is not just an excuse for small talk. It's the biggest fact in our day-to-day life.

All over the country we've moved in with our relatives and friends, whether we like it or not. Mostly we don't like it, and our relatives and friends don't like it either. But the solution that we want, and millions like us want—a home of our own—is not immediately possible. Hence for the countless families now sharing homes, there is but one practical solution: learn how to live in a crowd.

An overcrowded home need not be an unhappy home. With careful planning and a perceptive recognition of their problem, human beings can live together in crowded conditions without tension or emotional conflict. I know, because for the past eight months my husband and I have been busy proving the point—with the cooperation of Fred's older brother, Jim, and Jim's wife, Jean. For eight months, we four adults and six-year-old Tommy, who is Jim's and Jean's young son, have lived in a crowded five-room house. And in all that time we've not had a serious disagreement or conflict—open or suppressed.

We've avoided trouble because we observe the basic rule which people living in crowds must observe. *A congested home cannot be organized and conducted as a normal home.* While the single-family home is an emotionally united group, the multiple-family home is brought into existence through social and economic necessity. So it's the head, not the heart, which must solve the problems of communal living. Realizing this, we've made rules that would be unbearable in an uncrowded, single-family home. But for us, and for others in a similar situation, they are not only practical but highly desirable.

When Fred was released from the Army and returned to his old job in a Midwestern city, we had hopes of

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turning our war marriage into a vine-covered-cottage affair. We thought, when we moved into Tommy's bedroom and Tommy started sleeping on a cot in his parents' room, that we would be visiting our in-laws for only a few weeks—until we found a place of our own. But two weeks later we knew the arrangement was semi-permanent. To get a place of our own we would have to build, and that meant a year or two. Meanwhile . . .

MY SISTER-IN-LAW, Jean, first had the idea that put us on the right track. One evening I was in the kitchen, helping with dinner. Every few minutes I would ask, "What tablecloth shall I use?" or "How do you want the salad fixed?" I was experiencing the "fifth-wheel" feeling that any woman has when she is helping another woman to cook.

Suddenly Jean said, "We're doing this all wrong! If you had your own home you wouldn't be asking anyone what tablecloth to use. You'd be running your house your way. There are probably a lot of small things like that—things which eventually might build up resentment—that could be straightened out in advance by planning. Why don't the four of us sit down tonight and discuss the whole situation? Maybe even make some rules for getting along together."

We had our first "house meeting" that night. Simply by sitting down together and discussing the problem frankly, we put a safety cap on our potentially explosive relationships. First, we agreed that our crowded living conditions were contrary to all our natural desires. Thus we acknowledged that annoyances and grievances were bound to arise. Second, we decided that by analyzing possible friction points in advance, we'd be ready to solve difficulties when they did come up.

There was a hodgepodge of questions in our minds. With two women in the house, how should housework be fairly divided? What effect would abnormal living conditions have on Tommy? Should we try to share social activities? What about expense?

But we did more than theorize. Jean got out pencil and paper and jotted down a specific set of rules—our suggestions for a Bill of Rights for people living in crowds. In the weeks that followed we made many changes and additions. Today our 10-point Bill of Rights is based on experience as well as theory. It has proved a truly workable device. Perhaps it will help others as much as it has helped the four of us.

1. *Respect the privacy of others.*

This, we all agree, is the number one rule for living in a crowd. The living room and dining room, the kitchen and bath—these are community property in our household. But they are the "house." The bedroom is our "home" and we know that we will not be disturbed there, for even little Tommy has learned to respect the closed door. By retiring to our bedroom soon after dinner, Fred and I don't just gain seclusion for ourselves. Jim and Jean are assured of privacy in the living room.

We've used our own pictures and knickknacks, our own radio and even one of our own easy chairs in the bedroom. Familiar possessions

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make it our very own—a place of personal identity. If we want to hear our favorite radio programs we do so, without annoying Jim or Jean.

Learn the value of this home within a house. You don't call your best friend whenever some trivial annoyance bothers you. By the same token, don't run to members of the other family sharing your home just to indicate amiability or to get sympathy. And don't feel obligated to keep up a running conversation. An overzealous desire to be congenial can prove a constant source of annoyance in a congested home.

2. *Maintain the individuality of family units.*

We could easily have made the mistake of trying to live as "one big happy family." For example, Fred and I had fully expected to act as baby-sitters for Tommy when Jim and Jean went out. But our in-laws vetoed that idea. "If you weren't living here, we wouldn't ask you to run over every time we wanted to see a movie," Jim said. So they continue to have the high-school girl from next door stay with Tommy.

If Fred and I want to entertain friends, our in-laws don't offer to "stay home and help." More often, they leave for the evening. We have many mutual friends, but we don't try to combine our social activities any more than we would if we were living in separate homes.

The fundamental cause for many disagreements when two families live together is the friction of constant association. If each family pursues its own interests without fear of hurting the other's feelings, such friction is greatly reduced.

3. *Share household responsibilities.*

From the beginning we planned a systematic division of household tasks. And we agreed, too, that there would be no coaching from the side lines. If it is my week to get dinner, Jean doesn't say, "You'd better make a casserole dish out of that left-over meat."

Our schedule of duties is specific. When it is my week to clean, Jean does the shopping, cooking and dishwashing. Similarly, Jim and Fred take turns tending the furnace during winter months, and keeping the lawn in the summer.

4. *Make a schedule for use of bath, laundry and other shared facilities.*

Our morning schedule must run with split-second accuracy, with two men getting off to work and a child going to school. This is another example of why multiple-family household routine must differ from single-family. We not only made a schedule by tacit agreement, but posted it behind the bathroom door as a constant reminder.

Jim goes to work earlier than Fred, so he is out of the bathroom by the time Fred is ready to shave. And Jean has given Jim and Tommy their breakfast by the time I'm ready to use the kitchen. Jean and I get our tub-soakings during the day, and Tommy is bathed at bedtime.

We have a schedule for washing and ironing, too: Monday for Jean, Tuesday for me. One week I do the household laundry in addition to our personal laundry. The next week Jean does it. We've never tried pooling our personal laundry

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with the household wash and taking turns doing the whole lot. We agreed, even without trying it, that it was inviting trouble. One or the other of us might well have felt she was doing more than her share.

5. *Make a budget for shared expenses and stick to it.*

We were determined that there would be no disagreements about money. For two weeks after our first talk, Jean and I kept records of money spent on groceries and household expenses. Then we made a weekly budget, allowing a little extra for unexpected expenses. Each week both families contribute a set amount to the kitty. If there's money left over at the end of the week, we add it to next week's pot. But if we have a surplus at the end of the month, we divide the proceeds and start over.

We also got the matter of rent, utility bills and other living expenses settled at the beginning. Jim and Jean own their home, so Fred and I pay rent—about one-third of what the house would rent for furnished. In addition, we pay half the gas, light, phone and fuel bills.

6. *Spend more time away from home than you normally would.*

One night each week, Fred and I dine out, and on another night Jim's family does the same. This reciprocal agreement gives each family uninterrupted hours of having the house to themselves, and helps to maintain the illusion that we're living in spacious quarters.

Jean and I observe the same rule during the day when our husbands are at work and Tommy is at school. We don't often go shopping together. And because friends, even mutual friends, know our rules, they feel no embarrassment about asking one of us for an afternoon of bridge without including the other.

7. *Mind your own business.*

One of our main concerns was making sure that young Tommy's life would not be changed drastically by our doubled-up living arrangements. If four adults were disciplining him instead of two, the child's life could become unbearably walled in by "don'ts." So Fred and I never reprimand him or take any part in his discipline, unless we are alone with him and have full responsibility. In the eight months we've been with our in-laws, there have been many times when we felt we could put our finger on the crux of their discipline problems, but we've always remembered that our most immediate concern is keeping peace in the household.

Similarly, Jim and Jean don't give us advice on how to manage our finances or other personal problems. Unwelcome advice may settle a specific difficulty, but it may also lead to unnecessary misunderstandings that destroy the harmony of your home.

8. *Accept unexpected temporary disturbances.*

Recently we had a telegram from a friend of Fred's—a former fellow-officer in his outfit overseas. He had to stay overnight in our city on a business trip: could we get him a hotel room? But the hotel situation was hopeless. The only solution was to put up a cot in our living room.

It was a real inconvenience for all of us. But Jim and Jean wel-

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comed our unexpected guest with graciousness. They knew we were not responsible—the friend should have let us know much earlier. And they were abiding by our rule for making the best of temporary disturbances.

9. *Keep your sense of humor.*

As long as Jim and Fred joke about our meticulous schedules (while still observing them), we all know that we're approaching what might be a difficult situation with the right antidote. After all, there's something rather absurd about the whole business of living like a sardine. If you can laugh at yourself, you set an example that is easily caught by others, and the harmony of the whole group is preserved.

10. *Settle differences when they arise—then forget them.*

No matter how carefully we planned, we knew that we couldn't possibly foresee every difficulty. The first night we talked together, we agreed to make such informal "house meetings" a habit. Here we bring up trivial annoyances that have been bothering us. Sometimes it requires great tact; and always, there is need of understanding cooperation.

If we feel an annoyance can't wait until our next discussion, we all know we are free to bring up the subject immediately. For suppressed irritation can't stay suppressed forever. Better to let it come out in driblets than in a volcanic eruption that may clear the air, but will also create a social vacuum for a few days.

THE REAL STORY of America's housing shortage is not to be found in tables of statistics. Rather, it's a distressing tale of heartaches, soured family relationships, quarrels and silent recriminations that so often grow and flourish in crowded living conditions.

Thoughtfulness, patience, forbearance, consideration—these, of course, are essential to harmony in a crowded home. But good intentions alone are not enough. You must adopt a carefully thought-out design for living. Otherwise the housing shortage, already a personal problem, can become a personal tragedy.

Animal Kingdom

MAN IS A WONDERFUL fellow, learning from the other animals the way he does. He studies the hawk and the vulture and flies through the air with the greatest of ease. He learns from the crab with its shell and the skunk with its tear gas. He considers the ways of the squirrel and becomes a hoarder; the ways of the snake in the grass and goes in for espionage. He observes the caterpillar and the hippopotamus, the shark and the crocodile, the mole and the hedgehog, and makes himself terrible on land and sea and underneath both . . . About the only creature left in nature for him to learn something useful from is the dove.

—NEW YORK *Times*

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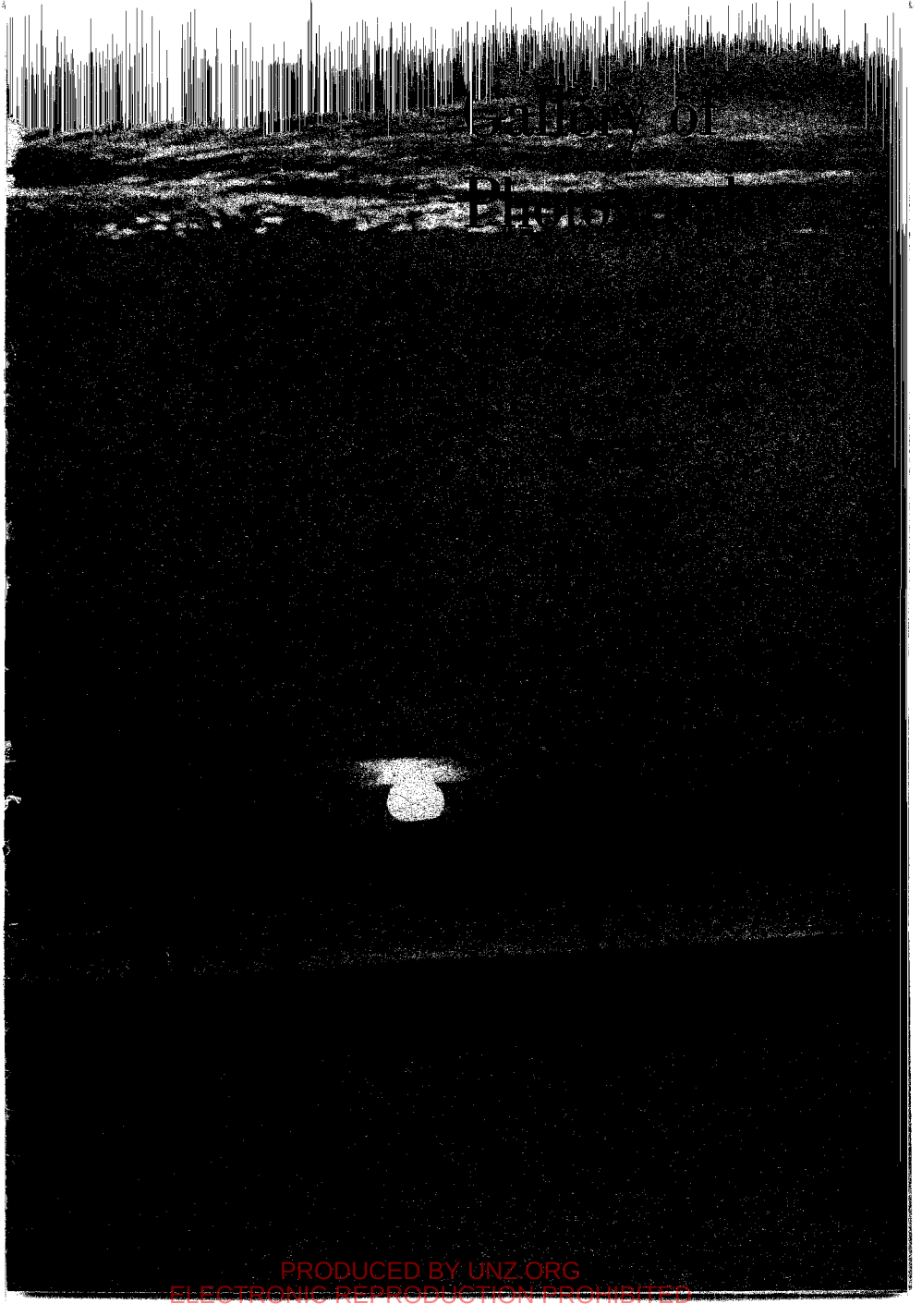

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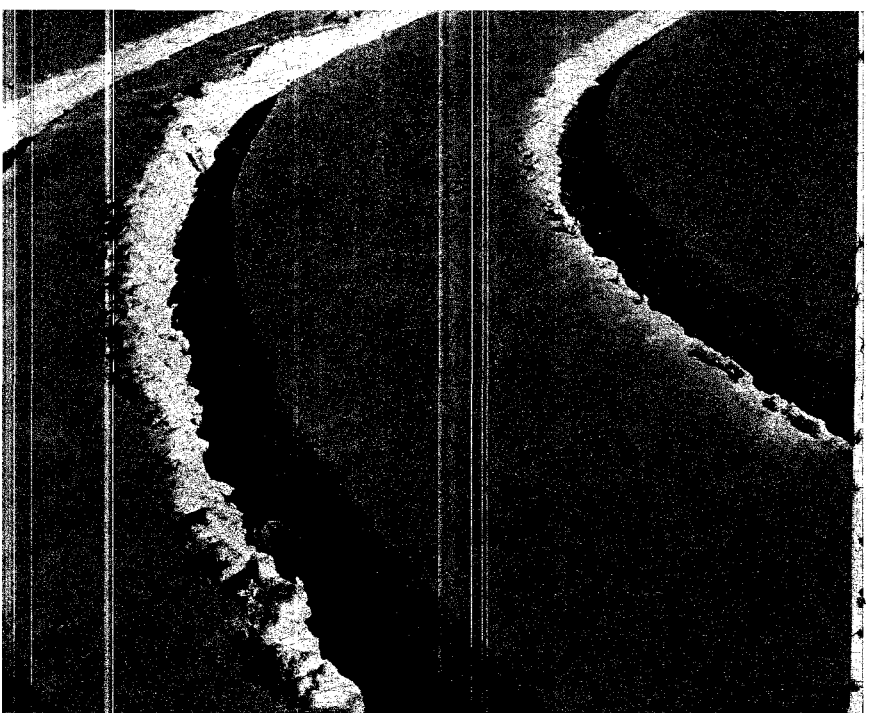

in White Dr. William F. Small; Newburgh, N. Y.

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Two Faces East — Jerome P. Krimke; South Orange, N. J.

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Big Sister — Lyall F. Cross, Wyandotte, Mich.

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haw enough

by LEONARD LYONS

WHEN ORSON WELLES' Mercury Theater produced *Heartbreak House* on Broadway, the *March of Time* planned to broadcast one of the scenes. The producer of the radio show telephoned Shaw's home in Ireland.

"I'm sorry, sir," Shaw's maid replied, "but Mr. Shaw never answers the telephone before 6 P.M."

At 6:15, the producer again put in a transatlantic phone call to Shaw's house. This time the maid replied: "I'm sorry, sir, but Mr. Shaw never answers the telephone after 6 P.M."

"But I phoned earlier, and you said Mr. Shaw doesn't answer the phone before 6 P.M. Now you say he doesn't answer the phone after 6 P.M."

"That's right, sir," replied the maid. "Mr. Shaw said to tell you that he answers the phone only *at* 6 P.M."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN once brought Helen Wills to Shaw's home, after Miss Wills had won the tennis championship at Wimbledon. Shaw studied the American athlete and complimented her upon her form and beauty.

"You really are very pretty," he told her, "and under such circumstances, tennis should be played in high grass—and without a ball."

SHAW NOW ADVISES the women he knows to try to see him as often as possible. "After all," says Shaw, "I'm the ideal catch for a lady—a rich widower in his 91st year."

G. B. S. has been spending the past few months in packing his effects, paying bills and rechecking his household possessions to make it easier for his executors and trustees later. He describes this work thus: "It's as if I were going away on a vacation."

ONE NIGHT A FRIEND who was visiting Mr. and Mrs. Shaw listened to the host telling a few stories, while Mrs. Shaw busied herself knitting.

"What are you knitting?" the guest asked her.

"Oh, nothing. Just nothing at all," whispered Mrs. Shaw. "It's just that I've heard those stories 2,000 times," she said, nodding towards G. B. S., "and if I didn't do something with my hands, I'd probably choke him."

WHEN CLARE BOOTHE LUCE visited Shaw in London, she found him writing at his desk as she entered.

"Mr. Shaw," began Mrs. Luce, trying to flatter him into thinking she had come to Europe for the sole purpose of seeing him, "you are the only reason I am standing here."

Shaw looked up and replied, "Who'd you say your mother was, my child?"

After the visit was over, Mrs. Luce said: "You're the first person I've seen in England. Is there anybody else you'd suggest I meet while I'm here?"

"Miss Boothe," he assured her, "you already have met everybody."

JUDITH ANDERSON once wrote Shaw for permission to do his *St. Joan*. G. B. S. refused, explaining that he couldn't permit the production because the high income tax rates would leave him practically nothing. "And as between income and the privilege of seeing you do *St. Joan*," Shaw frankly told her, "I choose income."

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He Lives with LINCOLN

by MARY CLARKE

Millions of Americans have been inspired with new reverence for a great President by a talk with the custodian of his tomb

IF YOU wish to step back a hundred years in American history, go to Springfield, Illinois, and enter the small door marked "Custodian" opposite the entrance to Lincoln's Tomb. Behind that door you will find Herbert Wells Fay, appointed by the State of Illinois as guardian of the largest and most precious collection of Lincolniana on earth. Through the person of this witty, energetic, 87-year-old gentleman, the Great Emancipator and the America of his times still live.

Mr. Fay's father and grandfather knew Lincoln and collected contemporary material about him, but with young Herbert Fay the collection became not a hobby but a lifelong passion. By the time he entered Monmouth College his photographs were the first things campus visitors were taken to see. Then, through years of newspaper work—he owned two weekly papers in Illinois—the collection grew. Today, the thousands of filing boxes, the miles of folders lining the corridors which wind through the base of the Tomb, contain letters, photographs, clippings on every famous person of Lincoln's era, and on nearly every person, important or not, who lived in Illinois during Lincoln's residence there.

Not one of the millions of items is catalogued, yet if you mention the most obscure name, Mr. Fay goes directly to the box or scrapbook containing that material. When the *Encyclopedia Americana* had a new edition under way, they asked Mr. Fay's help with 500 names their researchers hadn't been able to track down. He gave them the material and photographs on 499 of the list, and was able to tell them just where to go to fill in the 500th—a woman in India.

One row of boxes is devoted to copies of 2,000 letters which Lincoln wrote, with pictures of the recipients. Those written by Lincoln to Mr. Fay's father are naturally the custodian's especial pride. And there's the letter a little girl wrote Lincoln upon his nomination for the Presidency, begging him to grow a beard. Lincoln later made a campaign speech in her home town, and asked that she be brought to the stage. He lifted her up in his arms and said, "There, Grace Bedell, is the beard you asked for." Sixty-five years later a little white-haired lady visited the Tomb and shyly told Herbert Fay that she was Grace Bedell. Mr. Fay pulled forth her ancient letter, and promptly added her autographed picture to the folder.

Among the irreplaceable items under Mr. Fay's guardianship is a tassel from the dress Mrs. Lincoln wore that last night in Ford's Theatre, stained with Lincoln's

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blood as he fell against her. A chair from Lincoln's law chambers stands in one corner of Mr. Fay's office. The famous Patterson portrait of Lincoln, valued at ten thousand dollars, hangs beside the original Thomas Nast cartoon, which Mr. Fay clipped at the time from *Harper's Weekly* of April 29, 1865, showing the nation as a woman mourning beside Lincoln's bier.

Probably the most valuable photograph in the collection is the original negative of the Butler-German-McNulta study of Lincoln. The photographer, McNulta, asked $10,000 for it. "I couldn't pay that," Mr. Fay says, "and I was afraid it would get lost. So I asked my Senator to talk to him and finally a bargain was made. He would give me the negative if I would furnish him with all the photographs he could sell. I got it, and before I received a single request, the photographer died."

The negative is now valued at $20,000, but it has been worth more than that to the curator. By offering a print of it in exchange, he has obtained signed photographs from otherwise obdurate sources. One of the signatures is that of a Missouri senator who at the time was little known—Harry S. Truman.

Another valuable item in the Fay collection is a set of sheets of Lincoln three-cent stamps. He says, "My son bought me $200 worth of the sheets when they were issued and the catalogues say each sheet is worth about $65 today." Opposite each page of stamps is an autographed photograph and on each page is another autograph. The first page alone is now worth thousands of dollars for the name written across the stamps is "Franklin Delano Roosevelt." Other names which appear on the sheets are those of Mrs. Roosevelt, James Farley, Wendell Willkie and Henry Wallace.

RESIDENTS OF Springfield, all of whom admire the man who has come almost to symbolize Lincoln for them, say that Mr. Fay has aged in the two years since his wife died. But most strangers would still take him for a man in his 60s. Perhaps it is the sparkle in his blue eyes as he shows you some astonishing bit of Lincoln lore. Perhaps it is the youthful enthusiasm with which he points to the piles of new material he hasn't yet filed, and refers to them as his "homework." This he works on at nights, for his days, from 9 to 5, are devoted to visitors.

In the 25 years during which Mr. Fay has been curator, nearly every contemporary writer on Lincoln has called on him for help and has, in return, added to the collection. But of all his visitors—and there have been some 3,000,000 of them—the silvery-haired old gentleman devotes most of his time to the children.

"I try to give every youngster

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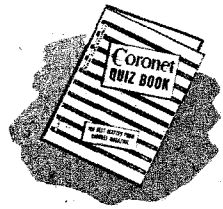
something to make him live by Lincoln's standards," he says. "Once I gave a boy a plain Lincoln penny. Years later a tall young man came up to me and showed me a worn penny. He said, 'Mr. Fay, you gave me this when I was just a little boy, and I've shown it to thousands of people.' Lincoln is real to that young man. This means more to me than talking to somebody famous."

There are plans for converting Sangamon Court House—the State House in Lincoln's time—into a Lincoln museum in which Herbert Fay's collection can be permanently displayed. He would like plate-glass show cases, in which the priceless sets of stamps, money, cameos and the original manuscript of the song, *America*, could be viewed, with rows of boxes alphabetically arranged below. No filing system, however, could be more instantly accurate than Herbert Fay's photographic memory. But that will die with him, and he is anxious that these historical items, representing a lifetime of loving devotion, remain alive and useful, not buried in dusty archives.

Mr. Fay's greatest gift, however, cannot be willed to the nation except as a memory. This is the warm sincerity and enthusiasm with which he has made Abraham Lincoln live again in the hearts of those millions of Americans who have talked with the custodian of the Tomb.

There's Fun For All In the Coronet Quiz Book



The early birds who bought the Coronet Quiz Book hot off the press are starting to tell us how much they like it. Here is a typical letter from one of our women fans:

"The Coronet Quiz Book reached me in time for my New Year's Eve party. A few of my guests arrived early, so I just gave them the book and let them amuse themselves till the others showed up. Three hours later EVERYONE was taking part in one of the rhyming quizzes. The only way I could tear them away from the games was by serving a midnight supper of turkey sandwiches."

The Quiz Book contains 100 of the best games and quizzes from the pages of Coronet. There is enough variety in it for every taste . . . literature, music, sports, current events, science, politics . . . everything calculated to provide you . . . and your guests . . . with many exciting evenings of entertainment and mental exercise.

Make sure of getting your copy by sending in your order NOW. And while the books are still available, why not order a few copies as gifts? But you'll have to act quickly; the demand for the book is even greater than we had expected. Send a check or money order for $1.75 per copy to Coronet, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

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The Hand of Destiny

ON A SULLEN, angry day in the mid-1700's, the fishermen of Easton's Beach, Rhode Island, looked at the sky and decided the boats couldn't possibly go out. That afternoon, as George Andrews was at his window watching the gathering storm, a hulk loomed into view. He raced for the beach, shouting and waving his arms in warning.

Other fishermen joined him, climbing out on the rocks and shouting furiously against the wind. Unless the skipper swung the battered craft around, the ship would crash against the ugly channel reefs. But whoever was at the helm either chose to ignore them or failed to see and hear their frightened warnings. The men waited for the splintering crash. And then, somehow, the ship maneuvered straight through the narrow channel and slid gently up on the beach.

The fishermen swarmed over the sides of the grounded vessel to find the man who had brought her through unharmed. Then they made an incredible discovery. Coffee was boiling merrily on the stove of the ship's galley; breakfast was laid out for the crew. But the only living things aboard the *Sea Bird* were a mongrel dog, sitting quietly on deck, and a cat in the cabin.

Apparently the captain and crew, frightened by the breakers, abandoned ship and were lost, but no trace of them was ever found. And no feasible explanation has been made of the bewildering question: what unseen hand steered the *Sea Bird* safely through the jaws of sure death?

This is another in a series of Gems from the Coronet Story Teller . . . capsule stories with a surprise ending, illustrated in rich, full color. Packed with action, drama and suspense, these unforgettable stories are a regular feature of Coronet.

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ANOTHER IN A SERIES DEVOTED TO UNSUNG HEROES IN OUR DAILY LIFE. PAINTING BY PETER HELCK

The Snow Fighter

In blizzard and biting wind, the snow fighter forgets comfort and safety, forgets everything but his job — to keep the highways open, to clear the arteries that carry food and fuel and the lifeblood of our industry.

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Heroes of the Winter Highway

by BEN KARTMAN

When storms rage, they keep our roads open for the flow of essential supplies

TO THE POET, the artist, the nature lover, a blanket of snow is a thing of dazzling beauty, an esthetic delight hard to surpass. To the winter resorts, competing for the favor of America's cold-weather sportsmen, it is the principal stock-in-trade of a multimillion-dollar business. But to thousands of men charged with keeping America's streets and highways open, snow is a ruthless enemy to be fought with every resource at their command.

Theirs is the responsibility for insuring the flow of food, fuel, medicine, and all the other things vital to the lifeblood of our commerce. In a nation on wheels, an obstructed highway represents a serious loss to industry or even a menace to life and property in case of sickness or fire.

The work of the snow fighter is hard and dangerous, calling for nerves of steel and bodies to match; no ordinary man could withstand the shaking, the pounding, the ceaseless roar of the steel monsters as they bite and claw their way through tons of snow.

Nor can the snow fighter wait until the storm is over before tackling his white opponent. He knows that the best way to lick a blizzard is to attack it while it is still raging.

In 1936, when a snowstorm marooned hundreds of people in the San Bernardino Mountains near Los Angeles, snow fighters battled deep drifts, fallen trees and continuous landslides day and night. The crews fought on until all the roads had been cleared and every stalled car freed.

Thirty years ago most car owners in the northern states put away their vehicles for the winter. Today most of the nation's highways are open year round, thanks to the state highways departments, which direct the work of the snow fighters.

Snow plows have been getting steadily larger and more powerful, requiring greater skill in their direction. Sometimes too large to take hairpin turns on mountain roads, the gigantic plows must be backed and turned at each sharp bend to prevent disaster.

Then, too, there is the danger of plows breaking down, marooning snow fighters in bitter-cold weather miles from their headquarters. Today, with two-way radio communication, help can be rushed to them when such breakdowns occur.

Although he works anonymously and his services are taken pretty much for granted, the snow fighter is essential to the life and well-being of every American. He is a small but vital cog in the machinery of a great and efficient nation.

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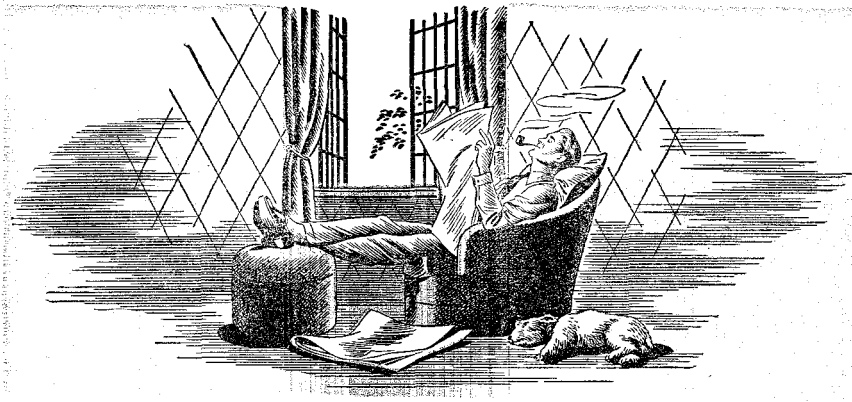

I Prefer a Depression

by WILLIAM F. FRENCH

In this sharp, half-serious commentary on our imperfect economy, the author, as an American exercising his right of free speech, looks with tired eyes at our "Golden Era." The views he expresses are not necessarily those of Coronet.

THE MORE I SEE of today's golden era of prosperity, the more I love an old-fashioned depression.

Not that depressions are Utopia. Far from it. But in these days of plenty—plenty of money, that is—I yearn for the good old 1930s when all we had to worry about was where our next dollar was coming from. The days when a wad of folding money was not just confetti. The days when a $1 bill (if you owned one) would buy items that a $5 bill can't coax from under the counter today.

There was only one shortage in the era of hard times—a shortage of money. Today we have plenty of it. But what good does it do us? Can we buy all the household necessities we want? Can we buy clothes, automobiles, tires, electric refrigerators, washing machines, building materials? Or bedsheets, soap, oleo, cotton goods, men's shirts, typewriters?

That's why I submit that our current opulence is phony. More people are working harder than ever to earn more money to buy less. Angry consumers are staging buyers' strikes against zooming prices. Taxes devour hunks of our income. Industry demands higher prices to meet higher labor costs, labor demands higher wages to meet higher living costs. And yet we say this is prosperity!

Aren't we kidding ourselves? Were the "bad times" of the early '30s *really* so bad—in terms of

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worth-while living? Let's step off the escalator of today's spiraling inflation and return to the basement—the rock-bottom days of the Great Depression.

Our bank accounts were lean and our prospects leaner. Jobs were scarce, pay was low, a dollar was hard to come by. Yet consider what a dollar could do for you. In 1933, granaries, warehouses and stores were bulging with things we only see samples of today. What we could buy then with our meager earnings seems princely alongside of 1947's short rations.

Sure—my wife and I were poor. But so was everyone else. And there was a certain air of good clean fun about it. We were living in Southern California in 1933. Like our next-door neighbors, Ed and Belle, we were "sitting it out" until things perked up again. We used to talk of the chummy, worry-free club we'd have in the county poorhouse. Just us, and most of our friends.

Times were so bad that Ed claimed on some mornings it wasn't worth while getting up. Having no business to steal our time, we would sit around in their patio, eating surplus fruit that had been given them and watching five-gallon bottles of grape juice turn into wine. Or we'd gather in our arbor house on a hillside overlooking San Fernando Valley and barbecue a ham that the market had auctioned off for $1.65.

While the kids were at a three-feature, ten-cent movie on Hollywood Boulevard, the adults of the two families drove around the countryside on 10-cent gas and new $6.75 tires (a tube free with each casing), eating 30-cent meals which included plenty of meat, butter, sugar, cream and salad oil.

All this, plus rent, we were doing on $20 a week per family. But thousands of families in the Los Angeles area were living on even less. They could manage because living costs probably hit rock bottom in Southern California, where the mild climate made shelter and clothing easy and allowed year-round production of food.

Big markets had auction sales in which food went for buttons, with a pound of bacon or sugar thrown in free with each meat or grocery sale of $2 or more. With price-war milk selling for two cents a quart, two loaves of bread going for a nickel, pork chops at seven cents a pound, and more vegetables for a dime than you could carry home, even hard-hit California families were eating better food and more of it than the average American family is getting today.

Store advertisements were stuffed in our mailboxes, offering men's socks at 10 cents a pair, broadcloth shirts at 79 cents, and suits at $18.75. For $5 a week you could rent an apartment big enough for four people.

But low prices were not confined to California. In 1932, before we moved West, restaurants on New York's 8th Avenue were serving ample dinners for 35 cents. We got rooms and prodigious meals in a comfortable home in the Adirondacks for $7 a week per person. On U.S. Route 22 in New Jersey, a roadside market, festooned with homemade sausages, hams and pretzels, was selling delicacies at pennies a pound. Tomatoes and peaches were 50 cents a bushel;

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homemade pickles and jellies brought 10 cents a glass.

Later that summer we found towns in Kentucky, Tennessee and Virginia offering giant hams at bargain prices, with some stores throwing in a peck of sweet potatoes as a bonus. A builder near Asheville, North Carolina, offered to supply a lot, build a three-room log cabin with porch and fireplace, and pipe spring water into the house, all for a total of $350.

Everywhere we stopped as we drove West, we found a quarter doing a dollar's work. Tourist courts, hotels and motels were practically empty. Rooms were $1 a night—even less in the Ozarks. In Missouri, a restaurant served steaks, garnished with two fried eggs, for 35 cents. In Michigan we got fruit, chickens and vegetables almost for the asking. And in some districts, the natives thought that more than 25 cents for a meal was profiteering.

BUT, YOU SAY, the Depression wasn't just one big rosy picture of happy people buying what they wanted for next to nothing. Right! While we toured, living for peanuts, we met those who didn't even have peanuts.

Through no fault of their own, millions of people were destitute, millions were jobless, millions were desperate. Later, in California, we saw sad-faced "Okie" farmers and their families, living in shacks and tents in migrant camps.

Thousands of small businessmen closed their stores and offices for the "slack period." They were forced to live on savings, while their ex-employees searched desperately for jobs or went on relief. People who kept their jobs found their wages cut in half.

In 1933, Washington tells us, more than 11,000,000 people were out of work; 2,000,000 were hungry. More than 10,000,000 were going without things they needed. Millions were on federal or state relief at $15 to $19 a month. For all these people, depression was a nightmare. All of them longed for prosperity—the prosperity that was "just around the corner."

Surely, you say, you aren't proposing that we go back to those hungry and homeless days! But *do* we have to go back to the '30s to learn the grim facts of a nation-wide depression? Has "prosperity" (now that we have rounded the corner and scaled inflation hill at breakneck speed) brought a solution to these problems? Are today's "good times" really anything to shout about when compared with the Depression? Let's look at the record.

In 1933, some 4,000,000 people were living in tents and trailers, or were homeless. But who cares to say how many luckless souls are in that same situation today? In 1946, veterans' families slept in the movies, in railroad stations, in public parks, until they could find temporary quarters. And some of those quarters were as bad as anything the migrants of *Grapes of Wrath* days had to endure.

The Veterans' Bureau in Los Angeles reported veterans' families living in old garages, abandoned barns and reconverted chicken coops. In Chicago, an 80-year-old woman and her son slept in their car every night for months because

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they couldn't find a better home.

During the Depression, 10,000,000 people were going without things they needed. But on a 21-state automobile tour last fall, I found plenty of evidence that not 10,000,000 but 100,000,000 Americans were going without, because of shortages and jet-propulsion prices.

Housewives have organized buyers' strikes as prices hit an all-time high. The sugar that was given away in 1933 is now rationed; the 10-cent gas has doubled in price; tires are recapped with synthetic rubber for more than they cost new; the 35-cent meals are half the size and four times the price.

The buyer who won't pay $5 extra for a special from under the counter; $10 for something set aside; $50 to $75 for hard-to-get items like electric refrigerators; $100 to $500 for building materials; $500 or more for a new car, very often goes without.

Charges for services have bounded to prohibitive highs. Haircuts are up from 50 cents to $1, shoe-repair costs have doubled. And last night, the young couple who live next door decided they'd have no more evenings out. Their "sitter" for the baby now says it will cost $1 an hour instead of 75 cents. (During the Depression we had a young girl who washed the dinner dishes and spent the evening with our two children for 50 cents.)

When times were bad, millions of families were forced to live on their savings. Yet today, how many millions are using their savings and selling their war bonds to get a high-priced roof over their heads? And to buy their meals in restaurants where breakfast takes the better part of a dollar? The same young mother who lives next door says that although her husband now makes twice his pre-war salary, they are falling behind steadily.

Back in 1933, a friend of mine in Indianapolis hung on, waiting for business to revive, until he was down to his last few hundred dollars. For the next year he and his wife lived on that, plus a dribble of commissions from his once-profitable insurance agency. How long could you live on a few hundred dollars today?

All over the country, in the early '30s, people were selling their homes at low prices and losing heavily. Today, all over the country people are selling their homes at high prices—and losing heavily. In the last year, six families in my block have sold their houses for double what they paid. But a good slice of the profit went to the government in taxes, and they ended up paying more for the new house they bought than they got for the old house they sold.

So this is the prosperity that was just around the corner? . . .

I don't have any time now to sit in the patio in the sunshine with my neighbors. I meet them standing in line at the counters. When I take a trip, I can't find a hotel room at any price. The dollars that pause so briefly in my wallet these days bring none of the courtesy and service that a few coins brought during the Depression.

But am I the only one who remembers with fond nostalgia the days when the dollar was a dollar? I don't think so. I have a friend whose business in 1933 was so ter-

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rible he cleared only $100 a month. Now he clears $700. But his Depression $100 was net, with no income and excise and amusement and emergency taxes gnawing at it. Now he gets home with at least five times as much. Then the fun begins. Everywhere he turns he pays stratosphere prices.

How about the farmers who left the Oklahoma Dust Bowl and sought greener pastures in California? Most of them haven't found those pastures even yet. Many were knocking down big coin in wartime plants and shipyards. Today, in peacetime industries, the "Okies" and "Arkies" are still making good wages, whole families of them. And living in single rooms! Their money can't buy the things they need.

Saddest of all are the white-collar workers—schoolteachers, office employees, clerks. For them, today's "good times" mean real hardship. During the Depression white-collar earnings were cut a lot. But the cost of living was cut even more. During today's "prosperity," white-collar pay has increased about 30 per cent. But living costs have pyramided up to 58 per cent over 1933!

While labor goes on strike for higher wages and industry fights for higher prices, nobody does anything for the white-collar worker. He's proved he can take it—so why worry? Caught in a maelstrom of shortages and rising costs, he is ready to admit that the old Depression looks good to him.

But how about the people who bore the real brunt of the Depression? Those who were jobless or on relief? Surely they are better off today . . . I wonder. . . .

I overheard a conversation the other day between three men who had been hit hard by the Depression. One had been on WPA, another had been employed only part-time at low wages; the third had been classed as indigent and put on relief in 1934. Yet these men agreed that they got more out of life in those days than they do now, working for $1 an hour plus overtime.

"Most of us," one of the trio remarked, "have the wrong idea. Prosperity can't be measured in dollars, but in the things that make life worth living. The really prosperous fellow is the one who has time to do what he wants; who isn't run ragged by shortages, black markets, taxes and high prices. The man with a couple of bucks in his pocket in 1933 had more peace of mind than the guy with $50 in his pocket today. If this rat-race for money is what you call prosperity, give me depression!"

Me too! Please, can't we have another one soon?

Never the Twain

When asked his opinion of heaven and hell, Mark Twain once remarked: "My dear lady, I can't say a word; I have friends in both places." —*Pipe Dreams*

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Condensed Book

Your Manners Are Showing

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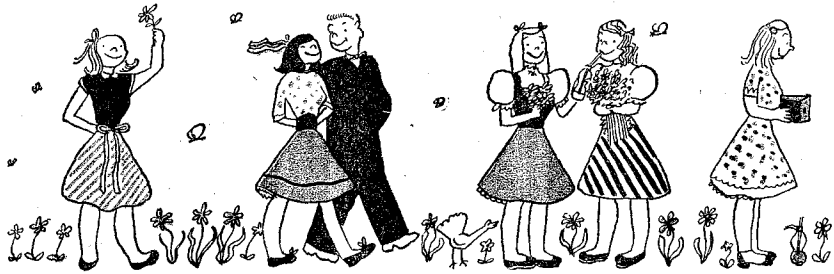

Your Manners Are Showing

by BETTY BETZ

I WENT THROUGH IT. I saw my sister through it. And I'm sure that everyone runs through the same moods and complexes on the bumpy road to becoming an adult.

If I go back a few years I can remember that shaky feeling I had when I arrived at a party. They were just kids I saw every day in the classroom, but in a group, wearing their best clothes and manners, they seemed different.

I used to wonder what others were thinking about me, but now I realize that nobody was in the least concerned. I felt uneasy about my clothes and my table manners. If my date paid attention to another girl, I would shrink back in a corner instead of being extra-nice to him to get back in focus. If I was escorted by a creep, I ignored him for fear the other kids might think I had a crush on him. And if I had no date at all on a Saturday night I was *really* sorry for myself and spent the evening sulking instead of reading a good book.

If I bumped into a crowd of girl friends chatting at the soda fountain, I sometimes had the idea they were gossiping about me and I hurried home instead of joining them. I felt embarrassed in my own home when I had a boy caller because I felt my family would say the wrong thing or kid me. I even stared in the mirror and wished I looked like another girl I knew, instead of making the most of the fairly good features I had.

Since that time I've received hundreds of letters from boys, as well as girls, who secretly admit having the same problems. So I wasn't a mental case after all! All I needed was a little confidence in myself and I probably could have skipped most of that "blue period."

I can't say that it's possible, however, to jump right from a happy, sheltered childhood into a grown-up adult world where people dress, act and talk differently. It's a big change, but look at it from a long-range point of view, and when you're in your 20s you'll look back and think those worries were pretty silly.

What you really need most of all is self-assurance—something you can't turn on like a light but which can be developed. Self-assurance

Condensed from the book "Your Manners Are Showing," published at $2 by Grosset & Dunlap, Inc., 1107 Broadway, New York, N.Y.; copyright by Betty Betz.

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stems from a feeling of inner security and confidence. Good manners give you extra social confidence. Even if you have read a book on etiquette, learn how to make introductions and to master the other social graces. And if you do make a social error, take it in your stride instead of brooding all evening. Everybody makes mistakes sometimes, and you're no exception.

When you analyze your problems, compare them to the mishap of someone who is really unfortunate, and yours will seem small as fly specks. My grandfather used to say: "A man I once knew always complained about walking great distances until he saw someone who had no legs."

Your worries are really nothing, but you don't realize this until you are older, with new and greater responsibilities. So forget about yourself and what others are thinking about you. All the time you waste with sulky moods could be used on having a wonderful time . . . and that's really what your young life is for!

Introducing

WHEN YOU BRING together two strangers, remember both their names correctly, introduce them in the proper order, and then kindle some sort of sparkling conversation between them. It's no breeze, but after you learn the correct method you'll be able to take it easy.

Actually, the recipe for slick introductions is simple—just remember always to present the boy to the girl, the younger person to the older person. This formula will steer you through the most complicated setups. And if you remember to mention first the name of the person to be honored, you'll always score 100 on this social procedure.

For example: in simple introductions among young people, the boy is always presented to the girl. Since she's the honored guest of the pair, start with her first name.

"Jane, may I present Bob Merrill? . . . Jane Richards. . . ."

"Jane, . . . Bob Merrill . . . Bob, . . . Jane Richards. . . ."

Now they know each other's names, but that's not enough. Think of something they might have in common which would lead to conversation:

"Jim comes from Detroit. . . . Didn't you visit there last summer, Jane?" This ought to be enough of a beginning to get them started on a brisk "do-you-know" gambit, but never leave two newly-mets stranded until their conversation is under way.

A simple "How do you do," a good firm handshake and a pleasant smile is the correct way to receive an introduction. The person who mutters "pleasedtameetcha" while gazing in the opposite direction will obviously make a zero-minus impression.

Boys usually shake hands when they meet for the first time. A boy shakes hands with a girl only if she offers her hand, and two girls shake hands only if one decides to do so. Both girls and boys should always shake hands with parents or older persons.

Upon leaving, one person usually says, "Delighted to have met you," and instead of offering some stereotyped reply like "Same here!" it's better to say "Thank you, I hope we meet again soon." Try to avoid can-

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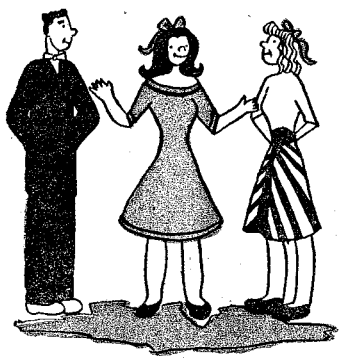

You're out with Tad and up comes Nan,
But even if she'd like your man,
Politely say, "Nan, this is Tad."
—Name lad to gal, not gal to lad.

ned replies. You'll do better if you use simple, cordial expressions that sound as though you mean what you are saying.

On the Town

YOUNG PEOPLE ARE always criticized for how they look and what they do, so even though you don't see one familiar face in a public crowd, keep your manners in tow and act like ladies and gentlemen.

There's a password, "cabbage," which is used every time a boy doesn't take the curb side of the sidewalk when he's walking with one or more girls. Actually, there's no need for a password, because every young man should automatically take the outside place. The custom is a hangover from horse-and-buggy days; if mud was splashed by a passing surrey, he got it first.

Today's girl is no invalid, and can easily open and close doors herself, but as long as there's a man around to do the job, a girl should let him be gallant. Even with equal rights, a gentleman still gives up his seat to a lady on a crowded bus or train. These little courtesies may seem silly at first, but they are good public relations. Get the habit *now* of being a gentleman . . . it's painless and doesn't cost anything!

No boy wants to practice good manners unless they're reciprocated. Girls, even though you beat the daylights out of him at tennis, you should wait for these courtesies instead of grabbing door handles before the poor gent has a chance. It takes a few extra seconds of patience while your date gets out of the car, comes over to your side and opens the door, but it's much better than scrambling out all by yourself. It's a nice comfortable feeling to have a man wait on you, but never take advantage by loading your date with bundles or making him run errands for you—you might scare him away!

Watch your behavior on Main Street, too! Never hold hands or walk arm-in-arm if you're a twosome unless you like to have people laugh. Learn to walk at an even pace without running, skipping or hopping like a jack rabbit, and never kick tin cans or throw rocks if you're past the fifth grade in school! Don't eat on the streets. Bury your waste paper and wads of gum in receptacles.

When you're cruising down the street, be considerate of others. Don't race down the avenue, bumping into shoppers, knocking over

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bundles or leaping over baby carriages. If you do cause an unintentional mishap, apologize nicely. If you want to window-shop, don't use football tactics in getting up close to the display. If you bump into a friend, never be conspicuous in your greeting. And if the meeting develops into a conversation, step aside and don't block traffic.

Good movie manners are just like the good manners you'd use anywhere else, so here's the once-over lightly. The boy should always ask his date to select the movie, but if he's already seen it he should say so, instead of sleeping through the main feature. While he is buying the tickets, the girl should wait in the foyer instead of ambling up and down the sidewalk like a lost puppy. Unless there's an usher, the boy walks ahead to find two empty seats, then the girl slides in first.

Here are a few movie taboos to keep in mind. Even though it's as dark as a "Tunnel of Love," mugging in a theater only amuses or annoys people in surrounding seats, so watch the show—don't put on a show yourself! Loud wisecracks, bag-rattling and peanut-cracking are for the kiddies' matinee, and if your hat obstructs the view, take it off, please.

Do the folks insist that the kid brother tag along? Well, that's too bad, but you might as well make the best of it. Be a good sport and you'll have a better time. Anyway, remember, he's bound to grow up one of these days.

Keep a stiff upper lip about the movie, too. If it proves to be a "stinkeroo" leave the theater quietly or suffer in silence. Don't spoil the pleasure of those around you by delivering a non-stop series of acid comments.

Time's Up

TIME WAITS FOR no one, so why should anybody else? Are you the prima donna who thinks she'll make a more dramatic entrance if she turns up an hour late? Are you the corny Casanova who arrives an hour past his deadline because he thinks the hard-to-get impression clicks?

Tardiness is a serious social sin. It's easy to slip into, tough to snap out of, and a guaranteed popularity froster. If you selfishly—or thoughtlessly—delay, your friends become annoyed and then everything starts off on a sour note. If you turn up late for a party, it's an insult to your hostess. If it's a definite date,

Allow all males to open doors,
It's one of their more manly chores—
Until they do so, you should wait,
Be they your brother, dad or date.

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Don't hold hands in a public spot;
Don't ever bill and coo a lot
Where there are strangers who are apt
To smirk at couples so enrapt.

his or her thought might be that your appointment has interfered with something which is more fun; then jealousy enters the picture.

Almost as important as arriving on time is the art of leaving a party before festivities fizzle out. Don't wait until your hostess curls up on the couch in slumber before you shuffle off. And once you've decided to depart, leave promptly, even though some polite person says, "Sorry you have to go."

Sometimes, of course, tardiness is unavoidable. In that case explain why you're delayed and approximately what time you'll arrive. It's only fair to give fair warning, and she won't sit and chew her nails wondering whether you'll turn up at all. And girls, if you're detained at your dressmaker's, then be thoughtful enough to phone your date instead of making him "sit it out" in the parlor.

And speaking of ladies in waiting, let's ring in your mothers, too! It's a nerve-wracking business for her to wait up for you while you're out on a mad whirl. Your parents have slated your witching hour, so stick to it if you want them to trust you. If a few more dance numbers have been added to the prom, you're no goody-goody just because you phone home to let them know you'll be in later than usual. But never let your mother go through the mental torture of imagining you in a smashed automobile. It sounds silly, but that's the way mothers are!

Make those good-nights short and sweet. Dawdling on the doorstep doesn't get you anything but a razzing from the neighbors, and a black mark from the girl's folks. Get wise, and realize that a show usually comes to an end before both players and audience are exhausted. You are a better trouper if you're a person whose dates go according to schedule instead of being the one who arrives late and stays out too late. Be on time, and learn to bid your date a pleasant "good-night" when "time's up."

Dating Rating

LET'S SUPPOSE YOU'RE lucky enough to have a date for every school dance and party. But after the ball is over and one more evening is chalked up, how do you rate? Your play partner must have some secret opinion about you. Is it, "Well, I'm glad *that's* over!" or "Gosh! The evening was over before it started!" Whether your date is dream stuff or a creep, you've

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gotten yourself into it, and it's up to you to carry through and give that other person a good time.

Let's start from the beginning and make a date. Well, fellas, that's up to you, so find the girl you *really* like, regardless of what your best friends will say. Either tell her in person or call her on the phone, but be sure you set the date far enough in advance to give her time to get organized. If she's already booked, don't take it as an insult, try again in a few days. If you don't succeed in landing some sort of a date after trying three or four times, then I suggest finding a new phone number.

Girls, you're on the receiving end, so make sure when the date is made that all of the necessary info is clear, even if you have to ask the boy to repeat it. Be sure that you accept the date on the spot or not at all. Remember, "It's gotta be this or that!" So don't be silly enough to pass up a last-minute date just because you're afraid he'll think you're a grab-bag for being available.

Sometimes a date is a flop. It happens to everyone, and it will happen to you. When you draw a bad evening, there are two things to keep in mind. First, don't discuss it in detail with your six dearest friends. Secondly, sit down and try to figure out where the date fell apart.

If you really want to benefit from these sad experiences, be completely honest with yourself. Were you bored, snobbish or just plain lazy—and did you show it? Go over everything you did and said, tag yourself for everything you think you did which may have dampened the evening for your date, and vow never to do it again. Once you've conducted this private post-mortem, shelve the evening forever.

Maybe the trouble lay with your date who just "wasn't your type." But that's no excuse for running down your companion in your local coffee club. Some day he or she may blossom out into something pretty special and you may want very much to do a "retake" on that date.

You may laugh all you want about good manners, but if you're without them, people some day are going to laugh at *you!* It may be a bore at first to learn the little do's and don'ts, but soon enough they'll be so automatic that you won't give them a second thought. So

Beware of wolves! Play safe, my pet,
Don't speak to guys you've never met.
"I'm sure I've seen your face before!"
Are words you'd do best to ignore.

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Don't give Bill gifts that cost a lot,
Or you may find you're on the spot—
How sad and silly it would look
To give a watch and get a book.

make an effort, won't you? Remember, wherever you are, your manners are showing!

Conversation Piece

"WHAT'LL I TALK about when I'm on a date?" is like asking what to order on a menu, except that the variety is unlimited. Everyone wants to be a sparkling conversationalist, but sometimes it's not easy. What's the matter? In front of your own family you're a wow, but with a date or with the gang you squirm like a mouse in the corner. What's wrong?

If you want to be a success at conversation, you've got to show animation on your face and develop powers of concentration. Learn to concentrate on others instead of on yourself. If you're having one of those horribly dull evenings when you feel that nobody pays any attention to you, you may be sure the answer is that you are paying no attention to anyone else. You're too busy worrying about your own dilemma.

Don't burn with envy whenever you watch the live wires who have a gift of gab. My mother used to tell me about the rather plain Jane who went out with a big shot who didn't give her a chance to say a word. The poor thing felt like a dimwit, but the fellow told her she was the most interesting girl he'd ever met. Jane was a social triumph because she was a good listener and had a sincere interest in what the boy was saying. So if you haven't much to offer, at least grasp the meaning of what others are saying instead of staring into space.

There's no $2 tour of subjects to talk about. The better informed you are as to what goes on in the world, the better you'll be as speaker or audience. Cultivate a well-balanced reading diet which covers everything from news events to the latest books. Make a mental note every time you hear a good gag or punchline and spike them into your conversations. Never get into the shady-story department in mixed company, and don't pass out malicious gossip—remember, you'll probably be quoted if you do.

Be a good sport, never lose your temper, and smile even if it cracks your face. Never be afraid to pay someone a sincere compliment, whether it's your best date or your worst enemy. All people like to hear nice things said about themselves. Remember that the person you're talking to has the same prob-

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lems you have and is just as eager to be liked as you are.

As Mother used to say, "Be pretty if you can, witty if you must —and pleasant if it kills you!"

Something for the Boys

THE WISE GUY plans his wardrobe carefully instead of throwing things together like a rummage sale. Even though a girl may not rave about your "darling outfit," she doesn't miss a trick when she flicks her view from the soles of your shoes to the top of your hatband.

When you're trying or buying, watch out for the shark salesman who says, "It's the latest thing!" The best clothes for men are the traditional ones which never go out of style, so if he tries to sell you Seabiscuit's blanket for a sports jacket, tell him to give it back to the Indians. The well-dressed man stands out in the crowd because of good grooming; he never wears clothes which shriek of flashy fabrics or a jazzy cut.

When a gal looks you over, she usually starts with your feet, and your shoes, my friend, tell a lot about your character. If they're scuffed, with rundown heels, they label you right in the jerk department, so keep them laced and polished. When you buy shoes, get the strong and sturdy type which look more manly and last longer than the "cute and fancy" styles.

Unless it's a beach party, don't go out on a date wearing an open-necked sport shirt without a necktie. And when you do wear a necktie, be sure it doesn't look like a totem pole. Small patterned or striped ties are better than the flashy garden variety with huge flowers.

Although your shoes and trousers cover your socks, they never escape the eagle eye of a woman. She doesn't like to see a man wearing sleazy socks, and neither is she stirred by your old tennis or ski favorites. Sloppy socks which droop over your shoes look as crumby as sawed-off anklets.

Men shouldn't wear fancy jewelry. A watch, identification bracelet, plain tie pin, and perhaps a simple class or family ring is plenty of adornment. Rings with diamonds and pearls are meant for the girls, so don't get sold on a big sparkler; it's bad taste for a young man.

A great men's fashion counselor used to say that a man should take an hour to dress and look as though he took two minutes. In other words, studied nonchalance and careful in-

Though perfect grooming's good to see
Don't show us how it came to be.
Renew your make-up, comb your hair
Where there are none to stand and stare.

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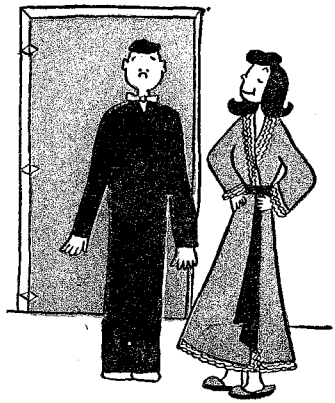

When callers come you should be dressed
In something nice if not your best.
Unless you're ill, it's not O.K.
To greet them while en negligee.

formality is the effect you should achieve. But too-faithful matching of pattern and colors indicates timidity rather than taste. Use imagination when selecting your wardrobe, but keep it under control.

Something for the Girls

IT MAKES ME BURN when I put down good gold for a dress which is supposed to be something, only to have some wise guy remark, "Who hung that mess on you?"

Three summers of working in college sections of Chicago department stores have taught me one thing—that many American girls have no idea of the type of clothes they should wear. Consequently they are guided only by fashion magazines or a salesgirl's baloney. The salesgirl angling for the extra commissions she gets for selling "dogs" (poorly designed dresses which won't sell without high-pressure talk) finds her best victim is the little girl "who doesn't know what she wants."

A dress which is too loud, too bare, too tight, too fussy or too sophisticated can ruin your evening, so the next time you go on a shopping jag, take an extra turn in front of that mirror and think it over. Carefully select the neckline, waistline and type of skirt which suits your figure, and stick to this trend as much as possible instead of grabbing the flashiest rag in sight.

Don't snap up faddish clothes of which you tire easily, and never go overboard for too many ruffles and bows which might make you look like a cream puff. Buy your clothes with an eye to the future. If you think you can wear that dress three years and still adore it, it's a good buy. But if it's a poorly made "gag-rag" don't waste your money.

School clothes should be neat, sturdy and cut along classic lines. If there's a new crush you keep bumping into between classes, you want to get his attention, but don't dress for him as if you were going to a party. School is still school, so save your fancy clothes for evening dates, and really make a hit.

Some people think high-school girls are made up of bobby pins, bobby socks, and a pair of beat-up moccasins, a pair of faded blue-jeans and a dangling shirt tail. So when you do jump into your "dungaree dame" outfit, dress a little more carefully and spike those rumors. With a few added touches, you can easily look like a fashion plate instead of the "sloppy jaloppy"

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which went out with the six-foot strand of pearls.

Hang your father's plaid hunting shirt on a hickory limb (unless you're gardening or cleaning the attic) and wear a blouse or jersey which fits and has some style. Cinch your young waistline with an attractive belt, and fringe your dungarees just below the knee. And please give us a clean, scrubbed look with shining hair anchored with a bow, barette or blooming flowers.

It's exciting to grow up, but do it in easy stages. Too sophisticated clothes on a young frame are humorous, not glamorous. You have your whole life ahead for such sorcery as earrings, veils, platform shoes, black satin and huge rings which look like miniature ice-skating rinks. There are wonderful fresh, young, comfortable and colorful clothes which are designed especially for you, so wear them and enjoy them while you can.

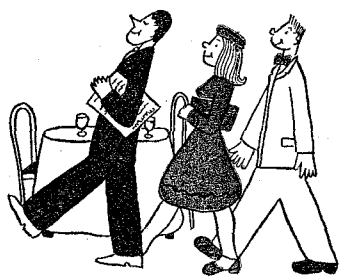
Your ideas on fashion may clash with your mother's, but take her advice because there's one thing on which you can count, and that's her good taste. Before you go to a party or dance, consult your mother, and then for the final O.K., go to pop, because after all it's the men we're trying to please!

Sports Make Good Sports

THE FASTEST WAY to make new friends and to increase the voltage of your personality is to be what is commonly called "a good sport." In our teen language it means you're "everybody's pal" or "everybody's gal," and would jump into your dungarees at a second's notice to join the gang. Naturally most athletes are already in this class because, through their participation in sports and games, they've developed certain characteristics which automatically make them social live wires.

You don't have to be a champ to be popular, but you needn't be the one who's left on the bench when it might have been a swell tennis foursome, or the one who sits under a tree because it's too hot for baseball. Oh, don't worry! You'll get along without learning to swim, bowl, pitch, or catch, but you'll have more fun if you raise your sports I.Q.

Naturally, everyone can't expect to be a champion at all sports. But if you learn the basic rules about one or two and practice up until you're fun to play with, you'll have acquired a priceless social asset as



When Dick invites you out to eat,
The waiter guides you to your seat;
No need to wonder what to do—
You follow him; Dick follows you.

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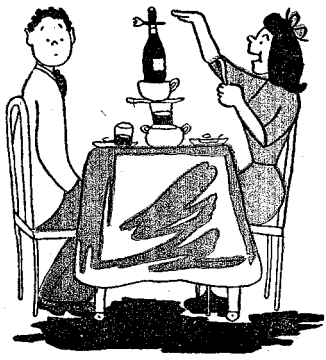

At meals Jean stacks the dishes high
To see if they will reach the sky;
If John gets red, he's not to blame
—All gourmets frown on such a game.

well as a wonderful way to relax and have fun.

The quickest way to find a person's faults is to see how he or she holds up under the strain of a game. At a dance or party, everyone puts on pluperfect manners, and they make a point of doing nothing but being polite and nice. But during a stiff tennis match you're busy keeping your eye on the ball, and if you've got any sense of sportsmanship, it *really* comes out.

For example: did you ever get burned up when your opponent didn't give you the first serve? Didn't you complain about being hot and tired just when the game was getting interesting? And why did you argue about the ball which almost touched the line when it would have been easier to give the point to your opponent? Did you have to make all those excuses about the sun being in your eyes and your shoes being too tight just because you were losing? Did you quit trying when you were losing the game? Did you accept your honors or defeats gracefully? This test could be applied to almost any other sport, and the person who passes it needn't ever worry about being well liked, because these rules apply to the game of real life, too.

Fair play and sound judgment will always play important parts in your life, and if you've got the team spirit, they will come instinctively. But hidden into this whole sports picture is a certain something which is almost indefinable. It's the challenging spirit you get from athletics which will carry you through the rest of your life, whether it's building a home, or a career.

So whether your game is as strenuous as football or as leisurely as old-fashioned croquet, remember to put some "oomph" into it and make it fun for the others as well as for yourself. Don't be a Percypants or a Sideline Susie if you can help it. Not everybody can win, so go out for the fun and for the company of others. It's nice work if you can be a National champ, but more important than winning trophies and medals is to be a good sport . . . and anyone can be that if he or she *really* wants to!

House Guests

WHEN YOU'RE A GUEST in someone's home, act as though you were in your own home, but not too much so. For instance, your little habits of putting your feet on the furniture or kicking open the screen

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door may pass your mother's censorship, but fail to amuse somebody else's mother.

Relax and act natural when you meet your friend's family. Don't make them feel uncomfortable by being shy and untalkative, but at the same time let them get a word in edgewise. To be a perfect guest who will be asked back again and again, just behave the way you'd like a guest to act in your home.

Since all parents like to hear nice things said about their kids, don't hesitate to tell complimentary stories about your friend. Even if papa bores you by bragging about his family, listen politely. If they have no maid, offer to help with K.P. duty, but don't insist on it if they beg you to park in the parlor.

Your hostess has probably set out her best linen, so don't be clumsy and spill gravy on the tablecloth. If your hostess' specialty is prune whip, but it is definitely not yours, eat it if it chokes you, and be sure to compliment her on her cooking.

If it's a week-end invitation, it's better taste to have the two sets of parents confirm the invitation. This makes a good impression on both families. Just a note or phone call is sufficient. If your hostess doesn't have a maid, then make as little trouble as possible, and clean up your own room.

Don't be late for meals if the family observes regular dining hours. Don't lure your friend into activities which will land her in the dog house with her folks. When you accept an invitation, remember that sooner or later you should ask your friend to return the visit.

Don't be a borrower. Bring your own clothes, toothpaste, bobby pins, or perfume. Under no circumstances should you borrow your hosts' automobile! If you make out-of-town phone calls, be sure to leave the money with your hostess.

You've been invited for a certain time, so when you arrive you should make it clear how and when you are departing. If you're all set to leave and your hostess looks very sad and says, "Oh, I wish you didn't have to go," exit smiling. It isn't the signal for you to unpack your bags and stay another week.

The Rich and the Poor

WE CAN CHANGE ANYTHING from our hair-do to our socks, but one thing we can't do much about is family background. Some of us are fortunate to have parents who make money easily, some of us have

Reserve your kisses for the guy
Who is the apple of your eye.
Don't hand them out to every beau
But learn politely to say "No."

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For miles around they'll sneer and gawk,
If you indulge in baby talk.
Though you believe it coy and cute
—Your date would much prefer you mute!

to manage on less, and some of us wonder how we manage at all.

It's too bad that everyone can't enjoy the same financial background, but that's the way it is and we have to accept it. In making friends, however, it shouldn't carry any weight, so if you're a person who sizes up people in terms of dollars and cents, or if you believe there's a "right and wrong side of the tracks," then there's something wrong with you!

Look around and you'll notice that the most popular people are the ones with friends in all walks of life. Don't ever be a snob. Perhaps you do belong to the best club or fraternity, but your charter doesn't prevent you from associating with kids outside your own group.

Be it ever so humble, never be ashamed of your home. When we're in our teens, we're too sensitive and keep wondering what impression our homes and families will make on others. Actually, it doesn't matter. All parents have little habits which might embarrass you, so if they bother you too much, ask them nicely if they won't be "on guard" when you have company.

If you have a lovely home and the means to entertain, then make your friends feel welcome to drop in, whether they're able to return the hospitality or not. If your home is super-deluxe, then you must try extra specially to put your friends at ease, because they're liable to feel uncomfortable in a more formal atmosphere.

I've known wealthy kids who feel just as embarrassed about their stuffy surroundings as the less-wealthy ones who wish theirs were better, so don't think you're the only one with this problem. The girl who is driven to school every day by a chauffeur probably feels just as uncomfortable as the gal whose father delivers her in a broken-down flivver.

Disregard what you "have" or what you "haven't," and accept your friends on the same terms. After all, it's things like sports, music, dancing and fun which make friendships, not a bank account.

Manners on the Job

WHETHER IT'S A two-hour stretch minding the neighbors' children or a full 40-hour-a-week grind, someone has obviously thought enough of your ability and talent to hire you . . . so take your job seriously! Even though it may not be permanent, make up your mind to do the best you can. Don't be a job-hopper.

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by Betty Betz

Politeness and respect for other workers mean a lot in holding down a job, and the sourpuss who continually lets loose with beefs and personal grudges is office poison. If you don't like the place where you work, after you've given it a fair trial, find another job instead of spreading bad propaganda.

If you're the type who offers his services at all times for extra work, you needn't worry about getting ahead fast. Every boss likes workers with initiative and ambition, and when promotions are being handed out, he'll remember them first. The most successful people are those who think in terms of doing a job instead of punching just so many hours on a time clock.

Keep your personal life out of the office and save your friendly letter-writing or private phone calls until after hours. That goes for reading magazines and newspapers, too. Even though you may not be busy, it doesn't look very efficient to your employer if he casts a glance your way.

Eating should be done outside the office, so don't litter up the place with candy wrappers or coke cartons. Employers dislike sloppiness; keep your desk neat so that you don't have to rummage around to find important papers.

There may be a special someone in the same office who's really dreamy, but save your hand-holding until after office hours. Office romances cut down on work, and if your boss finds out that you're swooning on his time, he might fire both of you. The same goes for evening dates. If you're meeting someone for dinner, then make your meeting place a public lobby or restaurant instead of your office reception room.

And girls! If you've got a date and don't have time to go home and change, don't show up in the morning wearing frills and flounces. A conservative dress or suit will carry you through the day and a frou-frou hat clamped on at 5 P.M. will give you a festive look.

We all make mistakes, but if you've made an error which upsets your employer, then admit it, apologize and don't let it get you down. Everyone who works under pressure is liable to blow up. So if your boss loses his temper and says a few things which aren't exactly flattering, try to overlook it; let him cool off and then I'm sure he'll apologize to you.

Sure! You're the youngest hire-

When Tom comes in to make a call,
He'll blush to find you all asprawl,
With skirt on high and legs in air—
Aren't you grown-up, or don't you care?

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ling around the place, but you weren't hired because you look cute and refreshing! You may still be in your teens, but you were hired to do a grown-up job. The "blame it on my youth" attitude doesn't excuse dressing like a bobby soxer or a sloppy Joe Blow. Cut the comedy and forget your age.

Popularity Plus

EVERYBODY WANTS POPULARITY. What does it take? Charm? Brains? Good looks? Clothes? Money? Sense of Humor? . . .

Well, if we start listing all the qualifications for popularity, we might as well fold up, because nobody has everything! If you don't start your social whirl with a magnetic personality, don't worry; there's still time to develop it.

Let's take it for granted that you're clean, young and healthy. It doesn't take a lot of money to dress well, so there shouldn't be anything wrong with your eye appeal. There must be something else which will boost you into the popularity circuit!

That something else is "self-assurance." But how are you going to be sure of yourself before you go to a party? Well, your parents are two excellent critics who will give you a careful once-over. Always be sure that your clothes are correct, clean and properly draped.

Get used to entertaining in your home, and introduce your friends to your parents. If you're embarrassed about heckling from small brothers and sisters, ignore them; they only tease you to make you burn. If you feel natural and relaxed at home, you're shown off to your best advantage. Once your date sees you in your own surroundings, you'll have a lot more in common to talk about than if you continually meet in soda booths.

One easy way to popularity is to be known as a nice person. It's easy to let loose with a juicy piece of gossip or a mean crack, but if you think of the consequences, perhaps you'll slow down. Put yourself in the victim's place. You're far from perfect, and you wouldn't want your faults broadcast, would you?

Cultivate a genuine interest in your friends, be helpful, honest and considerate, and all of a sudden you'll discover you're in!

I've been talking about "you" and how "you" can be popular, but my best advice is to forget that very subject when you're with others. The minute you stop talking and thinking about Y-O-U, your popularity train will climb on the golden track.

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Extra Money for Extra Pleasures

THOUSANDS OF ALERT men and women throughout the country are discovering how easy it is to earn $10 to $15 extra each week by devoting a few ordinarily idle hours to calling on friends and neighbors. They have found that they are not only earning extra money NOW, but are building a permanent list of customers who will renew their friendly patronage year after year.

To take advantage of this Part-Time-Business plan, you do not need any special ability or experience. Coronet simply appoints you as a representative in your community to sell subscriptions to *all* the nation's most popular magazines. Your task is interesting and easy. You take care of (1) renewing subscriptions to all the magazines now being read by your friends and neighbors; and (2) entering subscriptions to other magazines that they would like to read.

For example, the history of Mrs. M. N. of Aurora, Illinois, is typical of many new Coronet representatives.

Mrs. M. N. had never sold magazine subscriptions, nor had she any previous sales experience. But she needed extra money to meet the increased cost of family living, and last June she inquired about Coronet's new Part-Time Plan.

After receiving full information, she began to devote an hour a day to her subscription work. She soon discovered that all her friends and neighbors already subscribed to at least two magazines and that they were glad to renew their subscriptions through her.

During the first two months, Mrs. M. N. earned $83—and NOW her subscription business assures her of a steady, profitable income year after year.

Yes, representing the nation's leading magazines is stimulating, pleasant and profitable work. And equally important is the fact that you can devote as little or as much time to it as you wish.

So why not add to your new year's income by simply writing Coronet Magazine, Part-Time Business Department, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill. You may either ask for more details free of charge—or enclose 25 cents in coin for complete supplies and instructions. Then you can start earning that extra money without delay.

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Contents for February, 1947

Articles:

I Married an Alcoholic . . . . . ANONYMOUS 3
Traffic Rolls in Philadelphia . . . . . HENRY D. STEINMETZ 10
The Grand Old Man of Pharmacy . . . . CAROL HUGHES 14
Heartbreak in Vienna . . . . . ARNOLD GINGRICH 20
History's Man of Mystery . . . . . HARRY BOTSFORD 35
Confessions of a Second-Story Man . . . . . ANONYMOUS 39
I Like the Old-Fashioned Sunday . . CHANNING POLLOCK 44
The U. S. Capitol: Magnet for Americans . . SCOTT HART 47
Amino Acids: New Medical Magic . . . MADELYN WOOD 54
Mail-Order Time . . . . . HAYDN S. PEARSON 61
New Wonders from the Sea . . . . . LOUIS N. SARBACH 62
He Minds Other People's Business . . . . . EDWIN DIEHL 73
Chevalier Jackson: Pioneer of Oral Surgery NORMAN CARLISLE 78
Costumers to the Nation . . . . . LAWRENCE LADER 92
Iceland: Our Good Neighbor to the North GENE GAFFNEY 97
How to Live with Others—and Like It EMILY LAWRENCE 116
He Lives with Lincoln . . . . . MARY CLARKE 132
Heroes of the Winter Highway . . . . . BEN KARTMAN 137
I Prefer a Depression . . . . . WILLIAM F. FRENCH 138

Pictorial Features:

Wizard of Electricity 27
The Haunted House 59
Catalogue of Wonders 60
Arch of Triumph 65
First Suit 77
The Breathless Moment 103
Gallery of Photographs 121
The Hand of Destiny 135
The Snow Fighter 136

Departments:

Grin and Share It . . . . . EDITED BY IRVING HOFFMAN 25
Our Human Comedy 57
Game Book 87
Shaw Enough . . . . . LEONARD LYONS 131

Condensed Book:

Your Manners Are Showing . . . . . BETTY BETZ 143

This Month's Cover: Artist William Fleming has captured the haunting fragrance of a quieter era for Coronet's February cover. The marble mantel, the antique candlestick, the yellowing love letters, the valentines, and the key to a storehouse of memories—they are all reminders of a day that has slipped into eternity. The two old valentines were insured against damage while "modeling" for the painting. The rose is from the artist's garden in Highland Park, Ill. Fleming started his art career in high school, and continued his studies at the University of Wisconsin and the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. He is waiting to see whether his two sons—aged 5 and 2—display any talent for art.

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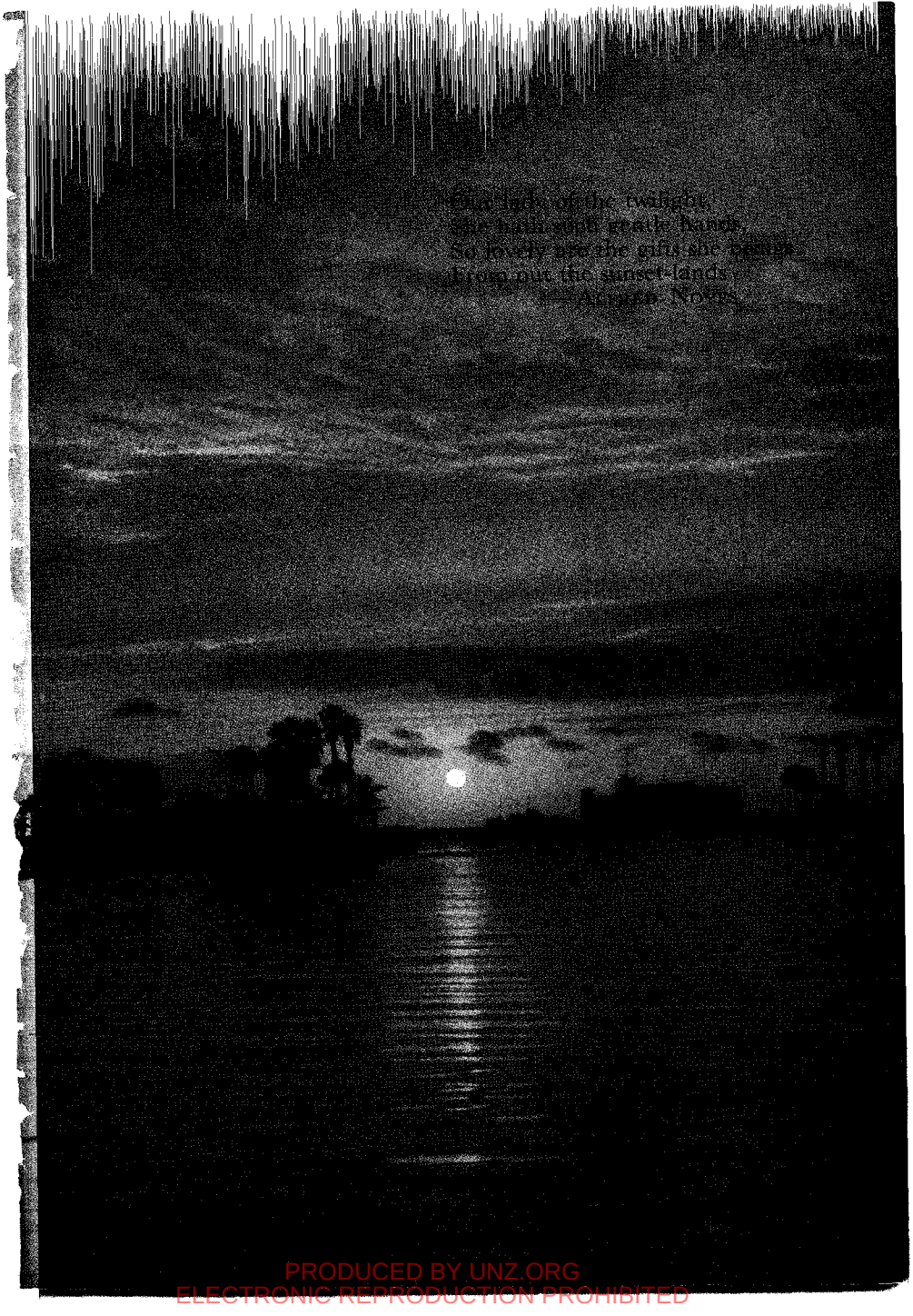

Fairy lads of the twilight
Give both their gentle hands,
So lovely are the gifts she brings
From out the sunset-lands.
—Alfred Noyes.

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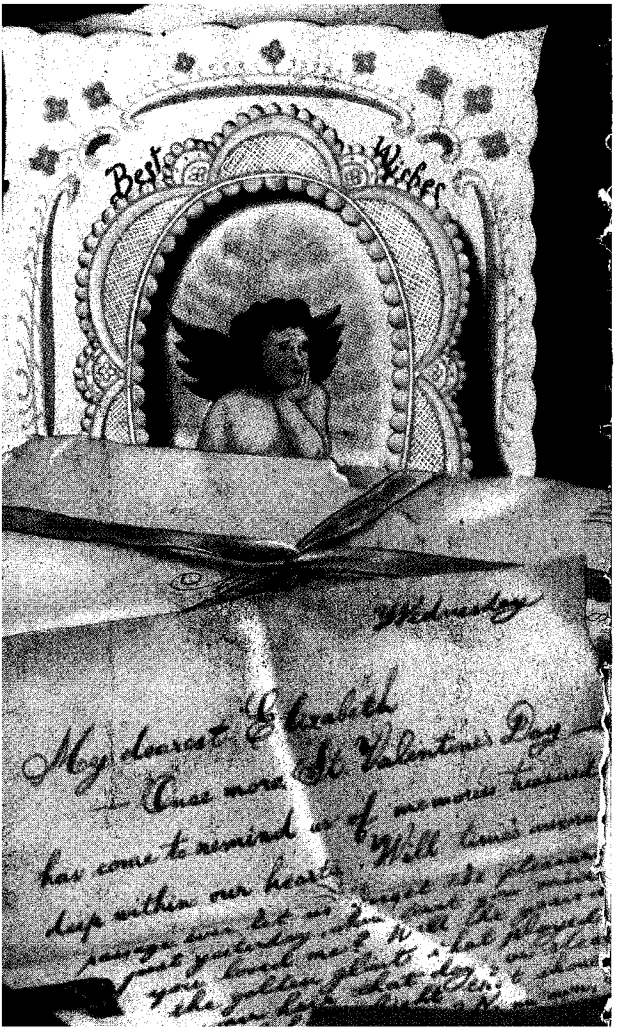

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